

Family

Recollections

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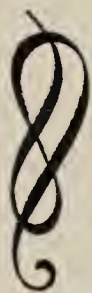
Marian Teresa Storey

Christmas 1928—

Family Recollections

BY

MARIANA T. STOREY



BOSTON
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Family Recollections



AM very sorry now that when my grandmother and other dear old people were alive, I did not find out from them all that they could have told me about their younger days and all the many things they might have remembered of the past. Like other children, I had very little curiosity about bygone days, and so now I have very little to tell my grandnephews and nieces.

Yet I could not be so much with my grandmother and aunts and my older cousins as I used once to be, without having a very vivid impression of the kind of people I was descended from, although of the events in their lives I know so little; and, therefore, I am going to write down all the few little things that lodge in my memory in order that the little Storeys of the present day may not be wholly ignorant of their forefathers; for, little as I have to tell, it must be better than nothing at all.

1988912

To begin with, the Storeys come almost altogether from Essex County stock, which is often called "the best stock in the country" and "the famous Essex County stock." It is famous for having produced many distinguished men, and with some of those we may claim a common ancestry or a common ancestor. One of those distinguished men was Rufus Choate, with whom we are connected by a distant great-grandmother, Eunice Giddings, a link so far back as to be almost invisible; which makes it the more curious that a very strong resemblance in voice, manner and general look has been remarked upon between his cousin, Honorable Joseph Choate, and my brother, Moorfield Storey. Mrs. Bell (Helen Choate) used to claim the Storeys as cousins.

Major Isaac Appleton of the Colonial Army was one of our remote ancestors. He was distinguished in the Indian wars.

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Many eminent people were descended from the Appleton line, such as Thomas Gold Appleton, the Boston wit, and Phillips Brooks. I mention all these names to give you an idea of the kind of distinction that belongs to Essex County stock, not that of money, nor of political prominence, but that of high character and great ability.

To Nathaniel Hawthorne we are related in a recognizable and recognized degree. He was second cousin to both my grandfather Storey and to my grandmother Storey, the grandmothers of all three being sisters. There was an old, very-far-back great-grandfather of ours, named Thomas Lord, who married an English woman, Elizabeth Clark, who was said to have been very bright and charming, so much so that whenever one of her grandchildren said anything particularly bright, my great-grandfather Burnham used to say, "There's Betty Clark." This Elizabeth Clark was great-great-grandmother to the families of Hawthorne, Wheelwright, Page and Storey—the first three of which families certainly contained many bright individuals; and of the Storey family, modesty forbids my speaking. I should say *our cousins* the Wheelwrights and Pages—not "the families"—because the relationship came through the mother's side.

Elizabeth Clark and Thomas Lord had three daughters: Sarah, who married Daniel Giddings, and was grandmother to my grandfather Storey and to his cousins Aunt Hannah Wheelwright and Mrs. David Page; Judith, who married a Burnham, and was grandmother to my grandmother Storey (Elizabeth Burnham); and Miriam, who married a Manning, and was grandmother to Nathaniel Hawthorne and to our Manning cousins in Salem. Sometime you may like to know how you are related to Nathaniel Hawthorne, and there it is all written down for you.

My father used to say that pretty nearly all our ancestors were soldiers and sailors, and from all that has come down to us it seems as if he were right. There was a great-great-grandfather, Daniel Giddings, at the siege of Louisburg, and we have his diary, chiefly consisting of religious reflections; and a great-uncle, Joseph Giddings, who was taken

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prisoner in the war of 1812 and was exchanged and died of fever on his way home. Cousin Susie Cobb has an obituary notice of him, and a beautiful old lustre pitcher with J. G. upon it that was made in preparation for his wedding—which never came off—poor fellow! In the Burnham line there is the Colonial Lieutenant, Thomas Burnham; and in the Revolutionary War, my grandmother Storey's grandfather and her four uncles, who all went off together after the battle of Lexington, while their mother called after them as they departed, "Don't get shot in the back." Then there was Captain William Storey, my great-grandfather, who was soldier and sailor too, and his father was a sailor before him.

The Burnhams were farmers as well as fighters, and I have been told that they owned all the land that now goes by the name of Beverly Farms. It seems to have borne the name in my grandmother's time, for she used to speak of visits at "the Farms." But I think it must have gone out of the family possession soon after the Revolution, for I am sure my great-grandfather Burnham did not own land there toward the end of his life. He was a young boy at the time of the Revolution, and was left at home to take care of his mother by his father and his four brothers, and I believe most of them never came back.

Those early Puritans of New England were a very remarkable race. Many of them were of good birth and their wives delicately nurtured women, but they were trained in a school of the greatest hardship, the most severe labor and the most constant anxiety and vigilance; yet through it all they never forgot the traditions of education and refinement which they inherited. They "kept a touch of sweet civility, even in the heart of waste and wilderness." This great-grandfather Burnham was an instance of that—I have been told that he was an excellent French scholar, and we have his old copy of Plutarch's "Lives" in the French translation, also his French Bible.

The Storeys have very few near relations, but many dear distant cousins, who almost all have been people of great individuality and fine character, and also of much mental

ability and original humor, great love of reading and literary tastes. They have been in almost all directions people who led quiet and dignified lives and were greatly loved by their friends. The nearest and dearest of these cousins are, of course, the Wheelwrights, the Mannings of Salem, and dear "Cousin Sue" Currier of Newburyport and her mother, "Auntie Page."

In the Storey line I can go back only as far as Captain William Storey of the Revolutionary Army, who was my great-grandfather, and the great-great-great-grandfather of the little people I am writing this for—the grandchildren of my brother, Moorfield. Of Captain William's father, I only know that he married Mary Giddings (daughter of Daniel Giddings, the elder, and sister of Daniel, the younger) and that he was lost at sea. His name was William.

Captain William Storey was born in 1749 in Essex. His occupation in the early part of his life, before the war, is a matter of conjecture. My father thought he was a farmer, but that does not seem probable, because his name is not on record as the owner of land either by inheritance or purchase, and I think it more likely that he followed the sea, like his father before him. He seems to have been in easy circumstances. His miniature, of which we have a copy, shows him in the dress which then denoted "a person of condition"—powdered hair, ruffled shirt, and a red coat with buff facings—and I have been told that he gave eight thousand dollars to the Revolutionary cause, which was then a very large sum of money for any one to have; but that is mere hearsay, though it would not have been said of him if he had been otherwise than comfortably off. His military record is in the records of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, of which he was one of the original members. He volunteered immediately after the battle of Lexington, fought at Bunker Hill and served throughout the war, rising by successive promotions to the rank of captain. He is said to have been a very brave officer and to have once led a "forlorn hope," but that is also mere hearsay. He was never known to speak of his army experience, so that those who

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knew him in later life never knew that he had taken any part whatever in the war. I do not know what battles he was engaged in except Bunker Hill and Brandywine. We have an old map of Brandywine which I think must have belonged to him.

His first wife was Mary Choate, and by her he had a son, William, who died unmarried, and a daughter who married a Mr. Foster. Of her I know nothing more. His second wife was our great-grandmother, Lydia Giddings, his cousin, and daughter of Daniel Giddings the younger. We always heard her spoken of as "dear old Grandmother Moody," for after his death she married twice—first a Mr. Whitmore and then a Mr. Moody. She was a very beautiful and lovable character, and from all accounts very much like her niece, our dear Aunt Hannah Wheelwright—warm-hearted, open-handed, and hospitable. My father used to say that she could not help being married so often, for she was so pretty and charming that she was fairly persecuted into it; but one reason that we know so little of William Storey is that these successive marriages tended to disperse all his belongings and whatever papers or records he may have left behind him.

After the war was over he had to begin life over again, penniless, and no longer a young man. It was then, perhaps, that he tried farming for a while—and combined it with blacksmithing, I have been told. My grandmother used to speak of the terrible difficulty and hardship of New England life after the war, when the country had been drained of men and money, and daily life was a struggle with every sort of adverse circumstance. But with William Storey this could not have lasted long, for not very long afterward we find him in command of one merchant vessel after another; and this is what makes me think he must have been a sailor before the war, for it would naturally take some time to gain experience enough in navigation to become a captain. Those of his letters which I have seen were written at this time of his life. They were short and hurried as if written under stress of business, but well-expressed and full of affec-

tion. One of them ends, "and be assured, my dear, you have a Husband who never did and never will Sease to love you while living and is W. Storey." He wrote a very handsome, dashing hand, quite different from the crabbed characters we are familiar with in most letters of that period; but once in a while like his contemporaries, he lapsed into an error of orthography as above.

I am sorry that I have only copies of his letters. Another of them is amusing as showing his shopping in a foreign port. "I send you by Capt. Cally Fifty Guineas, a small Trunk, in it a patch for a gown, pair silk gloves, a pocket-book, three other books, a Teapot, a half-dozen silver spoons, and in his trunk twenty yards of silk for a gown. I would have sent more but Capt. Cally had Cleared his Vessel before I knew he was going so soon. Could not have sent them at all if he had not been very kind and good enough to let me put them into his Trunk of Cloathes which was on shore."

Another letter makes me think of my Uncle John Storey who, I fancy, may have been a good deal like him. He had lost a ship and was very unhappy about it, and apparently sore at comments which had been made at home. "My compliments to all Enquiring Friends if any there is. Some pretended ones had much better never see me again, as their lives or mine may by that means be prolonged." His letters were dated Rotterdam, London and Chester. At the latter place he was "very Careful about going on Shore on account of the feavor." It was in London that he did his shopping, the results of which went home in Capt. Cally's "Trunk of Cloathes." His purchases are amusingly characteristic of the "sailor on shore."

On one of his visits to London he was claimed as a relative by an English gentleman who carried him home for a visit to be introduced to his family. I never heard whether or not they established any actual relationship, but it was after that visit that he spelt his name with the "e"—Storey—to distinguish it from the other Storys. I think this incident implies some decided personal attractiveness in our ancestor; for at that time, so soon after the war, no English gentle-

man would have wished to make out a tie of kinship with an unattractive American sea-captain. He died at sea in the year 1803, January 9th.

For the last twenty-five years of his life he had been almost constantly away from home, either in the army or on those long voyages which he so often deplored in his letters as keeping him from his "dear wife and sweet babes." The only belongings of his that ever came down to us were a pair of decanters engraved with the initials W. L. S. for William and Lydia Storey, a pair of gold sleeve buttons marked W. S., and his gold masonic emblem. My father always wore the sleeve buttons and valued these beyond almost anything he had.

His miniature, of which we have a very poor copy (enlarged) represents him with a round young face, fair complexion, blue eyes and regular features. His hair was powdered, but I believe the color was light brown. His letters and the original miniature, and all the rest of the little belongings he left behind him, are in the possession of our Osgood cousins in Newburyport, the grandchildren of his daughter, Lydia (Mrs. Abner Caldwell). My father had for a long time his commission as captain, but to make room for other things in his safe, put it inside a silver tankard which had once belonged to Daniel Webster and which had been put in his charge by our Uncle George Eaton. One day Uncle George called for his cup and bore it off with the commission inside, and either lost it or forgot to return it—and my father ever thereafter cherished an undying resentment for that omission.

William Storey had by his second marriage one son, Charles William, my grandfather, and a daughter, Lydia, afterward Mrs. Caldwell. She was remarkably pretty in her youth and was called the beauty of Newburyport, and a little silhouette before she married makes it easy to believe that she deserved the name. It was a beautiful little head with a charming profile, but the portrait in oils which her grandchildren own gives the idea of a very faded beauty indeed, in gigot sleeves and one of the flaring caps worn at

the same period. She was married at sixteen, and she was even more a child than her years. Her cousin, Captain Micajah Lunt, used to say that when he went, a boy of twelve, to spend the day with her soon after her wedding, they passed the whole time playing hide-and-seek about her new house. Her married life was sad and disappointing. Her older children, born when she was so very young, were weak in mind, and the son who was strong and well died. The only one of her children I ever knew was her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Osgood, "Cousin Sarah," who was a kindly soul of whom I have an affectionate recollection. Years ago, my sister Susie and I, with our three Storey cousins, Lulie, Ned and Lina, used to go to tea, *en masse*, at her house,—one of those old-fashioned teas where the board fairly groaned with the weight of the delicacies heaped upon it, and if we didn't eat them all up, it was a great disappointment to her. She was a very devoted mother to her four sons, and they repaid her care by a very remarkable devotion and tenderness when she was old and helpless.

I never knew the elder boys, but the two younger ones were very bright, handsome boys, with a strong taste for natural history and simple scientific experiments. However, of late years I have completely lost sight of them. These distant Osgood cousins in Newburyport are the only descendants of Captain William Storey in my generation, besides my brother Moorfield, my sister Susie and myself, our three Storey cousins and Charles and Isabel Thurston.

To return to the main line, my grandfather, the elder Charles William Storey, was a fine specimen of a very fine type, the old New England merchants of the first part of the last century—wise, honorable, high-minded and generous. The one thing I used most often to hear said of him, and of my father, too, who was very like him in most things, was this,—“the most perfect gentleman I ever knew.” I cannot tell how many times I used to hear that said of one or the other, and said by very different persons.

My grandfather was born in 1786, losing his father when he was but fourteen years of age. He seems to have started in

life very early and successfully. When he was only twenty he was in St. Petersburg acting as supercargo—one of several journeys in that capacity. It was when the first rumor of Napoleon's Berlin Decree reached St. Petersburg, and my grandfather was sent to Stockholm to verify the rumor. It was a most severe journey at that time—in the dead of winter—but he accomplished it in time to get back with the confirmation of the news before the official order reached Russia, and in time for all the English and American vessels to get clear of the Russian ports. This is the story as I heard it from Aunt Lydia, who heard it from her mother. I do not know how early he became engaged in business in Havana, but I think it was not very long after that time.

He was married in 1815 to Elizabeth Burnham, and had six children: Charles William (my father), John Murdock, Susan, Elizabeth, Lydia and Caroline Augusta. At one time he was what was then considered a very rich man, but he was never fond of any kind of display nor of accumulation, though he always lived in a liberal and dignified fashion. He was full of kindness and generosity in every direction and was greatly loved. Some one asking, after his death, why he was spoken of as so great a loss to Newburyport when he was so seldom there, was answered, "Yes, but when he was there, there was not a poor man in the town who didn't know that the worst would never come to the worst with him, while Charles Storey was there to turn to."

Aunt Mary Moorfield used to speak of him with the warmest affection and gratitude for all his thoughtful kindness to her mother, and from her I really heard more about him than from any one else, for with my grandmother and aunts it was always too sacred a subject for me to venture on. I have a picture of him in my mind as Aunt Mary used to describe him—smoking his evening cigar at the iron gate in front of his house, and as the country people straggled home, one by one, in the twilight, lifting his hat quietly and bidding them good evening as they passed, whether he knew them or not. It was his instinctive courtesy and friendliness. They all knew him, and the little kindly action was one of

the things that made every one love him. He spent all his time in Havana except the hot summer months, when he was at home.

His manners were remarkable for a very beautiful courtesy which my father inherited from him—a combination of dignity and cordial kindness which not only set others at their ease but made them in turn appear at their very best, and it was the same with high and low, the natural expression of his kindly spirit. Aunt Lydia, after his death, was one day going down State Street, in Newburyport, when she met one of the old sea-captains rolling along in his shirt-sleeves, and he stopped and said, “You’r old Cap’n Storey’s darter, ain’t you? Well, I want to tell you that when I used to go down to the Havana in my little brig and carry my papers to your father, he used to treat me just the same as if I was one of the big-bugs.” That was the secret of the affection with which so many people regarded him—that he made no distinction between the important and the unimportant of this world, but had the same friendly cordiality for all. But with it all, he was a reserved man and had a great dislike to the hail-fellow-well-met kind of popularity, and he used to betray a momentary exasperation when a certain kind of person took advantage of his well-known good nature to assume familiarity which did not really exist. His friends used often to laugh at various manifestations of this feeling; as, for instance, one morning when he was placidly jogging down town in his chaise, some one he didn’t like hailed him from the sidewalk apparently hoping for a lift. “Hullo, Cap’n Storey, you going my way?” “No,” said my grandfather shortly, “I’m going home,” and forthwith he turned his horse about and went home.

Aunt Mary used to tell that story of him with much amusement, for although very characteristic of him it was altogether unlike his usual ways.

My father had the same way of showing once in a while that he had come to the end of his endurance with certain people; and it was always the same thing that brought out this trait—an unwarranted assumption of easy familiarity.

They were both the most kind-hearted of men, but both very reserved in reality.

Although the Newburyport people were fond of calling my grandfather "Cap'n" Storey, it was merely the usual title of compliment among a nautical population, for he was never at any time in his life a sea-captain.

In the latter part of my grandfather's life, he met with severe business reverses, but was no less generous than before with what remained to him. Aunt Mary remembered standing at the front gate with him one day when my grandmother came to ask him if she might continue some little allowance she had been in the habit of making to one of her protégés, and he said, "You need not economize on your charities, my dear." His old friend and minister, Doctor Stearns, spoke of him as "the noble, the generous, and humane." I wish I knew more to tell of him, but he died before I was born, and passed so much of his life away from home that even his nearest and dearest friends saw comparatively little of him; and as I said before, I never liked to ask questions about him of my grandmother and aunts for fear of giving them pain; but little as I can tell, I have a very distinct picture of him in my mind from always seeing his portrait in Newburyport, and from the tone of affection with which every one spoke of him.

I shall copy here an obituary notice of him, written, as my father always supposed, by an old family friend, Mr. Jacob Stone of Newburyport, for it may serve better than anything I have written to show you what he was.

"The loss which this community has sustained in the recent decease of Mr. Storey is so severe as to demand more than ordinary notice. The circumstance of his residence abroad together with his extensive mercantile connections had secured him a wide circle of acquaintance, and as none knew him but to esteem and respect him so no man enjoyed a greater number of sincere and attached friends. Indeed, it was impossible to know him without warm regard, for his character was eminently rich in the better and higher qualities of our nature. Wherever his name was mentioned, it

was but another expression for the kindest and most generous and charitable feelings. Mr. Storey was distinguished for uncommon energy of purpose and action, combined with a deportment singularly unobtrusive. He was remarkable for strong natural good sense; for an ardent appreciation of justice and right; for love of truth and contempt of meanness and wrong, and exhibited during his whole life that true benevolence of heart which in innumerable instances was practically beneficial to others. One of his friends who had much experience of life and who deplored with the writer of this the loss of one so truly valuable and valued, remarked that he had never known another who so happily combined a just economy with a wide and extraordinary liberality. In the highest sense of the word he was an honorable and upright man. He was by nature and habit a gentleman, for he was courteous and affable to all, in every condition, who had the slightest claims upon his attention. The example of such a man ought not to be forgotten, but the instance is one of those in regard to which we may well fear that the loss is irreparable. His name and his virtues will long be remembered. Those in his own station in society lament him with undoubted sincerity; but his best eulogy is to be found in the universal sorrow of the poor. The recollection of his excellences and the hopes and promises which cluster around the closing scenes of a good man's life, will afford the only consolation for those more nearly connected with him."

A more recent notice of him says, "To the older residents of the city the name of Storey is identified with a family whose head was a merchant of wide reputation in domestic and foreign commerce and who left a name borne with honor by his children and grandchildren in other cities."

He was born December 20, 1786, and died January 8, 1845, of heart-disease, having suffered with asthma for a long time. His death took place on his way to Havana on board the brig *Hayne*. He was the third one of his family to die at sea, his father and grandfather having done so before him. My father used to speak of others of the family

who had died at sea, but the only other one I know of was Joseph Giddings, my grandfather's uncle, who was a prisoner in the War of 1812 and died on his way home after being exchanged.

There must have been something very unusual about my grandfather's manners and personal qualities, for the Hon. Pitt Fessenden, who must have been well acquainted with all the most distinguished men of his time, said of him, "He was the most perfect gentleman I ever saw," and in my childhood I can remember being introduced to old people as Charles Storey's granddaughter and having them say, "I knew your grandfather, my dear; he was a very perfect gentleman."

So far, all that I have written has been what I have heard from other people; but now that I come to the time that I can remember myself, one of the most distinct figures in my memory is my grandmother Storey (Elizabeth Burnham), a little delicate creature, with a very gentle voice and a great deal of dignity, always dressed in a little black gown, with a white lace cap and crossed lace kerchief—a dress which, I think, she put on at the time of my grandfather's death and never afterward changed. She was then about fifty-six, and when I, as a child, first remember her, she must have been only about sixty-four, but she seemed even then like a very old lady, so fragile that a breath of wind might blow her away; but she had an extraordinary degree of strength of mind and was, I think, a truly remarkable woman. I think the best description I can give of her is to say that she was the ideal Puritan lady. She had all the fortitude and courage of the Puritans, their intense religious feeling and elevation of thought and also the inexorable sense of duty and personal responsibility which was their distinguishing attribute. I think she schooled herself from her very girlhood not to shrink from any duty, however hard; and she would, I have no doubt, have gone to the stake with the same calmness as the early martyrs of the faith if she had lived in their time. She was very fond of reading, but in her early girlhood she made a resolution which she never broke, never to allow

herself to read any novels whatever; and so she passed through the period in which all the finest novels in the English language made their appearance without any knowledge of them, which I cannot but think a very great loss; but in her youth, novels were very different matters, and her resolution was a very natural one to so earnest a nature. She fed her vivid imagination on the beautiful imagery of the Bible, and knew by heart all the most beautiful parts of it; and in her extreme old age, when for two years she was too weak to sit up, she solaced herself with the constant repetition of her favorite passages and hymns. She had a very remarkable memory which was filled with such things, and they were a constant comfort to her. She was very fond of history and biography, but the greater part of her reading was on religious subjects, and you could not be with her without feeling that she lived in a different world from other people and that her religion influenced every action of her life.

But with all this she was wonderfully clear-headed about practical matters and managed her little estate so that it was made available to the utmost in every direction. Like her husband, she combined “a just economy with a wide and extraordinary liberality,” and out of the income which was quite a narrow one after her husband’s death, she managed to be constantly giving—in charity and to missions, and wherever money was needed. She seemed always to have enough, but she could not have had it but for her wise management of her affairs, so that nothing was ever wasted or neglected. Her house and garden were always beautifully kept, and the latter was a comfort to many of her neighbors, not only the really poor, but many who had no gardens of their own.

She used to say that she was not naturally generous, but gave from a sense of duty. However that might have been, the stream of her bounty was unceasing as long as she lived, and if she saved at all, it was not for herself but for her children; and year by year she laid aside something for her two younger daughters that they might be independent after

her death. She was venerated almost as a saint in Newburyport. Once when her minister's wife tried to find out what unknown kind person had sent a number of things to her house, when there was a wedding in the family and her house was full of guests, she sent her little boy to ask the provision dealer whom she was to thank, and the man replied, "Tell your mother that those things were sent her by the best woman in Newburyport, and I don't know but the best woman in the world." She said, "After that, I had no difficulty in guessing where they came from."

My grandmother was very considerate of her servants and every one who worked for her, and consulted their comfort and convenience quite as much, if not more, than her own. When I was a very little girl she used invariably to furnish me with money as a farewell gift to them and say, "These people have very hard lives, my dear, we must always think what we can do to make them pleasanter." But no two people ever had much easier lives than Margaret and Ellen, the two viceroys of her household. I always remember the two sitting and sewing in the cool "inner kitchen" on summer afternoons. I do not think they ever knew what it was to be hurried or driven during the many years that they lived with my grandmother. On the other hand, I really think she herself never knew what it was to be opposed, for she not only had a quiet ascendancy of character that made every one defer to her, but also a practical executive ability which arranged and planned everything in so convenient a way that it seemed the most obvious thing in the world to do just as she directed. Without dreaming of doing so, she ruled her little kingdom with the sway of a benevolent despot, and I believe she directed every household matter even to the ordering of dinner, till the very last day of her life, although for two years she had not left her room.

She was rather a Spartan parent in the matter of personal adornment, and though she dressed all her daughters handsomely and well, she gave very little thought to the becoming; and Aunt Lydia once said, "It *was* hard for me to wear all one winter my sister Susan's 'perfectly good' pink bonnet.

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It was lovely for her with her dark hair and beautiful coloring, but was the last thing in the world to put on *my* head, poor little red-haired child!" But that happened only because she was not thinking of that sort of thing. When her daughters were young ladies, she let them choose their own dresses and bonnets to suit themselves. She was always very gentle and indulgent to everybody rather than to herself.

The sorrows of her life were the loss of her husband and of her daughter Elizabeth, which she never quite recovered from; but I think the sorrow and wrong-doing of the world in general weighed upon her, and made her always rather sad at heart. She could not rid herself of the feeling that she ought to warn others of their faults and mistakes, and that if she neglected that duty she was in some degree responsible for the consequences, and yet she could not but recognize the hopelessness of trying to save people from themselves. Our Civil War was a terrible blow to her and overshadowed her last years. Aunt Lydia told me that when the first news came of the firing on Sumter, it was a warm April evening and they were sitting without a fire. The news was brought by our cousin, Captain Lunt, and when he took his leave they followed him to the door. When they turned back to the parlor again, they could not find my grandmother and they looked everywhere, until at last they found her in the kitchen shivering so that she could not get warm. She had gone there because it was the only place where she could find a fire. The shock had been too much for her, and she was never again as strong as she had been before.

I think some of her happiest times were our summer Sunday evenings when Aunt Augusta and Moorfield and I sang hymns to the best of our ability to the sweet-toned old Chickering piano. I can remember Grandmamma lying on the sofa as we sang and gently beating time. We always ended by singing "Ariel," for it was her favorite; and then the piano was shut and Captain Micajah Lunt, my grandfather's cousin, came for his Sunday evening call, which I think he never missed as long as my grandmother lived. Those Sunday evenings were lovely, with the sweet summer

wind blowing in from the garden ; and the Sunday mornings, too, when Grandmamma used to sit at the open door at the end of the hall which led to the garden, with her Bible and her spectacles. She used to hold my hand in her trembling one and talk to me most earnestly about reading the Bible and being guided by its precepts, but she must have thought me a most unresponsive listener, for I was a shy child and shrank from talking of serious matters. But I was not as unresponsive as she thought me, for I was quite fond of reading the Bible, though my actions have always been too little influenced by its teachings. I am afraid my religion has always been what is called the "emotional" kind, not very reliable in daily life.

I don't want to give the idea that my grandmother was always grave or that she was depressed or low-spirited, for she had naturally a good deal of quiet fun and a strong sense of humor and used to laugh heartily very often. She told me once that I myself was like her Grandfather Burnham, who could never finish a funny story, because he began to laugh long before he got to the point and so spoiled the whole effect. When we used to go to drive with her, we used to complain that she never considered anything but the horse's convenience, for she used always to say, "Up hill, spare me ; down hill, fear me ; and on level ground, hurry me not."

I wish I could describe the tranquil old Newburyport house so as to give some idea of the charm it had for Moorfield and me when we were children, and still more as we grew older. It was not one of the "palatial mansions" that Doctor Holmes speaks of as evidence of the past grandeur of Newburyport, and the other old New England towns with a "port" in their names, but it was one of the many spacious and dignified old houses familiar to all of us, standing in sunny gardens with old trees shading their front windows. It had a hall running through from the front door to the back, which opened on a stretch of grass and a walk leading down to the flower-garden ; and it had the staircase with wide, shallow steps and the chiming clock halfway up, such as Longfellow was thinking of when he wrote "The Old Clock

on the Stairs." The trees in front of the house were remarkably fine catalpas, which are still beautiful trees and covered with masses of blossom every summer. The whole atmosphere was pervaded with a pleasant aroma subtly compounded of various scents, such as lacquer and sandal wood, lavender and orris-root in bureau drawers, the crumbling leather bindings of old books, and enticing whiffs of plum cake, spices and gingerbread from the long, narrow pantry. And in summer, when the windows were all open, which is the time I chiefly remember, it was full of fragrance from the garden, especially when the hot sun brought out the spicy odor of the box borders on the garden paths. The scent of lilies of the valley always brings back to me the old associations. There was a great bed of them under the back-parlor windows.

The different chambers had names—the parlor chamber, the sitting-room chamber, the green chamber, the blue room. Moorfield always had the green chamber, and I was given the blue room, which was not blue except in my most indistinct remembrance. When I remember it best, it had a red-and-white bed-quilt, representing Washington and Franklin, or Lafayette, I forget which, drawn on triumphal cars, with Fame blowing her trumpet before them.

I can remember so well how Moorfield and I used to arrive, jouncing and rumbling from the station in an enormous depot hack, driven by either "Mr. Barker" or "Mr. Badger," with our little leather trunks strapped safely on behind, and ourselves shaking about in our huge conveyance like two little dried-up kernels in a big walnut shell, and how the iron gate used to clang behind us as we ran up the brick walk to be welcomed by Aunt Augusta on the porch, Aunt Lydia and Grandmamma at the door, and Margaret and Ellen, all smiles and respectability, in the background.

And then how we mounted the wide, shallow steps of the front stairs and stopped to listen to the chiming clock, and then climbed the very steepest stairs I ever saw to the third story, where Moorfield took possession of the "green chamber" and I of the room which had once been blue. Just

opposite was Aunt Lydia's room, with its many windows—especially one in the closet, overlooking the flower garden, which always seemed to me the very loveliest window in the world, and from which, after a storm, we could often see glimpses of the surf on Plum Island.

Our old clock was really a very unique and valuable one, brought from London by my grandfather about the time of his marriage. It was a Tobias clock, of ebony inlaid with brass. It struck the hours and chimed the quarters, and I used to love to wake up at night and hear the silvery little sound breaking the silence.

Moorfield and I were never homesick in the old house, although the life there was so quiet. Our aunts were bright, merry young ladies then, and Moorfield had plenty of boy friends to go on swimming and fishing expeditions with. As for me, the house was full of treasures: Aunt Augusta's dolls, a good deal dilapidated, and her dolls' tea-sets, and her books, which were beyond measure fascinating, partly because they were so diminutive in size. Then there were cupboards on each side of the chimney in some of the rooms, where I found sandal-wood fans and lacquered boxes, East India curiosities and pink-lined sea shells which we were taught to hold to our ears, to catch the murmur of the sea which they always carried with them. Then there were always books tucked away in the cupboards and closet shelves, queer old annuals—*The Keepsake*, *The Token*, *The Amaranth*, *The Wreath*, *The Amulet*—full of sentimental tales and old-fashioned steel engravings of love-lorn ladies and cavaliers with guitars. One of such was on almost every parlor table in Newburyport; and when I was taken anywhere to call with my aunts, I always fell upon them at once and managed to get deeply interested in many a tale while our hostess was hurrying to get ready for her descent.

Then there was the barn-chamber where Moorfield and Page Wheelwright used to fight over the battles of the war with lead soldiers and pea-shooters, if I remember rightly; and there was always Auntie Page opposite to run in to see, very often in her kitchen making cookies. She invari-

ably let me cut out some for myself with her thimble, and bake them in the oven, and afterward eat them delectably sitting on the steps.

I like to look back upon the long, quiet Sundays, although they were *very* long and quiet for a child to live through, in spite of going to church morning and afternoon and singing hymns after tea. Besides the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," there were only three children's Sunday books in the house; and though I delighted in "Pilgrim's Progress," I already knew it by heart, having received it from Aunt Lydia on my sixth birthday. I used to learn a hymn or a psalm and then read either the "Shadow of the Cross," or the "Distant Hills," two little allegories that only lasted a very little while, and then I used to fidget a good deal until Moorfield was done with our *pièce de resistance*, "Ministering Children," the very most fascinating of Sunday books. We both wanted it, and always at the same time; but Moorfield, being the older, was apt to establish a prior claim. I don't know how many times I read that through, and I never was tired of it. Of course there were plenty of grown-up Sunday books, but it took me a long time to grow up to them. Grand-mamma's library consisted chiefly of books of a religious character; but upstairs in the "green chamber" there were book-shelves built into the wall and protected with faded red silk curtains. There I found many a treasure when I was a little older. I have now a little volume, a collection of poetry, which was given to my grandmother on St. Valentine's day by my grandfather a year before their marriage. I do not know whether they were engaged at the time or not—but underneath the date, "February 14th, 1814," is written in my grandmother's hand, "Gage d'amitié." It is a pretty little touch of Puritan romance.

There were two lovely places near Newburyport where once every summer Moorfield and I used to go with one of our aunts to tea—Curzon's Mills and Turkey Hill Farm. The first was a place beloved by artists and embalmed in verse, a very old house on the banks of the Merrimac, just where it is joined by the Artichoke River. There were beau-

tiful elms about the house and splendid old willows on the river bank. The Curzon family stood very much on their aristocratic descent, which was attested by portraits of brocaded and powdered beauties and by a good deal of fine old silver—especially a silver tankard always standing ready to be taken to the pump on the opposite side of the road, which was in constant use by both children and grown people. No one of them thought of allaying their thirst in any other way. Once long afterward, when Miss Curzon one day appeared in a resplendent silk gown, splashed and spattered from head to foot, and someone cried out, “How *could* you pump with that dress on?” she replied with dignity, “I will never wear a gown that I cannot pump in.”

In those early days when Moorfield and I went there as children, we used to sit in the little parlor on pins and needles of impatience until it was proposed to go out for a row on the Artichoke. Then our cup of bliss was full, and when we came back to tea and had great big white-and-red raspberries with thick cream and delicious little biscuits with honey—then it was running over. After that we drove home in the twilight in supreme content. There was a time later on when the place was full of little flaxen-headed Marquands running wild all over the place, who are grown-up men and women now with children of their own, who in their turn are running wild about the dear old Mills every summer.

Turkey Hill Farm was another very old house with old elms in front and little, small-paned windows and low-ceiled rooms. The barn stood on the other side of the road, but it was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, so beautifully kept and so fragrant with hay. Everything about the place always seemed in as perfect order as if it were kept up wholly for show, and we were always welcomed by a pretty young lady with red curly hair and a complexion exactly like an apple-blossom and the smallest waist I ever saw, and one of the sweetest voices. It rippled on just like a little brook, never stopping for a moment, and when her mother came in, it was just as if a mill had started up to keep the brook company. Together they utterly overbore and put to rout old

Mr. Dummer Little, the ostensible head of the family, an old gentleman with white hair standing up on the top of his head exactly like the portraits of Andrew Jackson, and always dressed very nicely in black broadcloth. He used to make an effort now and then to get the floor himself, with such as, "Perhaps Miss Mariana would like to see the farm." "No, Mr. Little, Miss Mariana is tired with her drive. You just let her get rested," and Mr. Little would subside and so would "Miss Mariana," though she was not tired at all and would have liked above all things to see the farm. At tea-time, when we all sat down in the little dining-room with all the pretty, old-fashioned china and silver, and had the most delicious things to eat, old Mr. Little would make another feeble essay: "William was at the battle of Antietam, a—most—bloody—battle," which would only result in, "Now, Mr. Little, Miss Mariana doesn't want to hear about the battle of Antietam. Will you have warm cakes or cold cakes?" and Mr. Little would reply rather grumpily, "I'll help myself," and subside for the rest of the meal, while the brook and the mill would go cheerfully on in unison.

There were several of those beautiful old farms in the neighborhood of Newburyport, all of them owned by people like the Curzons and the Littles, of good family and refined traditions, living the simple old New England life which is now a thing of the past. One of these was the Moody Farm on Pipestave Hill, with a magnificent view of the river, and the Emery Farm not far off with another splendid view. Then there was Fatherland Farm, near Byfield, which is still beautifully kept up, and has a most beautiful collection of old furniture. Indian Hill Farm, a very interesting place, was built on the model of the old family home in England, the original home of the Poore family. It was built on three sides of a square, the barn being on one of the three sides, and it had a clock-tower. It was of stone, covered with vines—together very pretty. It is still kept up as a show place by the heir, although it is only occupied once in a while. The Poores had greater pretensions to fashion than their neighbors. They spent their winters in Washington, and used to give great

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balls in summer, when everybody in Newburyport went and danced in the huge barn. But that was later on, not when we were children.

In the days when my grandmother was living, Newburyport was a most beautiful place. It still is beautiful, but the lovely elms have been injured by ice-storms and age, and the streets are disfigured by trolley-lines; and of course the "nouveaux riches" create, wherever they go, an atmosphere quite out of harmony with every tradition of these old New England towns, which to one who loved them in their prime seems to have a wholly vulgarizing effect. But at one time, Newburyport was a perfect specimen of a New England seaport, with its one long, beautiful street running parallel to the river and the shorter ones leading down to the quiet wharves and shipyards. It was a sleepy Cranford-like place most of the year, with a very large proportion of old or elderly people, but for two months in the summer it was full of life, when the grandchildren came from Boston or New York or Baltimore for their summer visit and the college boys came for their vacation. Then there were parties "up-river," and "down-river," parties to the Laurels and the beaches, and sailing-parties to the Bluff. And in the evening, dancing parties in the great, old-fashioned parlors that seemed to have been made on purpose for dancing, though when they were built that amusement was frowned upon as being altogether frivolous and objectionable.

There were queer old characters in the place. I remember one old gentleman who kept a thread-and-needle store and frowned upon us so severely when we came to make our purchases that it was a wonder he had any customers at all. We used to receive with awe the parcels he grudgingly handed us over the counter and take up our change with trembling fingers. He was a handsome old party, with fine gray hair and dark eyes and a rich color. His wife, who was older than he and very sentimental, had his portrait painted, and used to exhibit it with pride and also with apologetic sighs. "Of course, it does not give John's brilliant beauty," she would say.

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Then there was an elderly milliner almost equally austere, who used to wear all the time in her little shop a black bonnet tied under her chin with a large bow, not in itself an alluring advertisement of her wares. One day she said to me, "I see you young ladies riding horseback a good deal. I should like to try it myself if I could get a good saddle-horse at Little's." I assured her that she could, and the next day I met her pacing austere down State Street on horseback, and with her black bonnet tied firmly under her chin, as usual.

One day when we came home from a drive with Aunt Lydia, we found an old lady just taking her leave, and she said to Aunt Lydia, "My dear, when I was told you were gone to drive with your niece and nephew, I expected to see two little children. I did not think to find, in your nephew, an *escort*—in your niece, a *companion*." The old sea-captain, who was so much gratified that my grandfather treated him "just like one of the big-bugs," had at one time a quarrel or dispute with one of his neighbors, and when some one congratulated him on coming out victorious, he replied, "Yes, I got Mis' Ashby's neck right under my foot, and she can't peek nor mutter."

Newburyport was at one time a rich town, and a rival to Boston, but its prosperity was ruined by the sand-bar which formed at the mouth of the river, and by the great fire of 1811, which destroyed all the finest houses in what people used to call the "Court-End" of the town, which then ran along the river-bank. Then a third reason for its decay, Aunt Mary used to say, was the "Embargo." What the embargo was, I never knew, nor did she herself apparently. At any rate, to this day I have never found out. I grow garrulous when I talk of Newburyport, and I ought to stop, but I do want you all to know something of the old home which was so dearly loved by three generations of Storeys.

And now it is time I should turn to the Moorfield side of the family, although in that line I can hardly go back as far even as with the Storeys. The first Moorfield that I know anything about was my great-grandfather, and of him I only

know that he was English and that he followed the sea, like my great-grandfather Storey. He sailed as mate with a very famous sea-captain of those days, Captain Maginn, and was with him in a terrific storm which was afterwards known along the coast as "Maginn's Storm," because their ship was safely carried through it, while many others were lost.

My grandfather, James Moorfield, was born on the Atlantic Ocean on the voyage across to America. He was left an orphan at a very early age and was brought up in the family of Benjamin Eaton, whose daughter, Nancy, he afterward married. There was some relation of cousinship between them, but in what degree I never knew. He had a brother, Peter, who went to India as a young man and was never heard of afterward; and a sister, Martha, who was said to have been very handsome and to have refused to marry the original Amos Lawrence, who was in love with her, "because he was such a raw country boy." She married a Dr. Brennan of Philadelphia and died without children. The beginning of my grandfather Moorfield's life was much like that of my other grandfather. He sailed as supercargo to many ports of the world—to China, Russia and the East Indies—and finally became a merchant in Havana, where my two grandfathers became friends, and associates in at least one business enterprise.

James Moorfield was a very handsome man, and was known in Havana as "the handsome American" and also as the "quick-walking Spaniard." His hair and eyes were dark, and his complexion, though naturally fair, deeply bronzed by the climate. I suppose very few Spaniards had the energy of the American temperament, and consequently his quick motions made him remarkable among other dark-complexioned people. Justice compels me to mention that his good looks did not receive the same appreciation everywhere, for in China he had his portrait painted and it turned out very little to his satisfaction. On his stating his disapproval, the Chinese artist replied, "No handsome face, no handsome picter." He was as perfect a gentleman as my grandfather Storey and in every way a beautiful character,

sensitive and refined. In fact all the men in our family, on all sides, have been what Mrs. Ladd said of my nephew, Richard, "refined even among refined men." All that I say of the Storey and Moorfield lines is just as true of your grandfather Cutts and your Uncle Harry. They have all been alike in being honorable and high-minded gentlemen.

To return to my grandfather Moorfield, he was a devoted husband and a tender and indulgent father. Aunt Mary used to say he was a perfect father for daughters to have, and she always added that her nephew, Moorfield Storey, was exactly like him in that, as well as in most other respects.

He spent almost all the year in Havana, only returning for a short time in summer. He and my grandfather Storey engaged together in an enterprise which turned out disastrously for them both, owing to an outbreak of yellow fever in the South American port for which their vessel sailed, in consequence of which the entire cargo had to be sacrificed, making it, of course, a dead loss. My grandfather Storey was able to recover in some degree from the blow, and perhaps my grandfather Moorfield might also have done so, but for a second and much greater misfortune which befell him soon afterward.

When he was standing on the deck of a vessel near an opening into the hold, he inadvertently stepped backward and fell, striking the back of his head in a way that caused paralysis, from which he never fully recovered, although he was able to go home, wrecked in health and fortune, only to die shortly afterward. He suffered from terrible headaches in consequence of this injury, and the only remedy which was then given to alleviate pain was laudanum; it was an accidental overdose of that, taken in a violent attack of this suffering, that was the immediate cause of his death. Aunt Mary told me once of the sad night when Aunt Anne ran, with her long hair streaming, out into the darkness to call the doctor, and how they walked their father up and down all night, trying to save him. But it was of no use—nothing could be done. It was a sad and tragic end to a beautiful life which had also been, until nearly the end, a very happy

one, but his death broke my grandmother's heart. He was only fifty-five when he died.

His grave is in the cemetery at Hingham, where the beautiful old house which was his home is still standing. We have a photograph of it taken fifty years ago, which shows it much as it was when he lived there; but since then it has been very much enlarged and modernized and the elms in front, which, even in his day, were beautiful trees, have become magnificent specimens. I think I never saw a more beautiful pair than they were when I last saw them. The house now belongs to a Mr. Guild and has been beautifully kept up for a long time.

My grandmother Moorfield (Nancy Eaton) was the daughter of Benjamin Eaton and Anne Townsend, whose father, Shippie Townsend, was deacon of the Old South Church in Boston and author of a religious work with the tautological title of "The Gospel News," of which he left a copy to each one of his grandchildren. A large number of unsold copies also descended to us, which were religiously preserved in our attic for many years, until Aunt Mary undutifully disposed of them to the paper-makers. She, however, preserved one copy which I have tried hard to read, but without success. It is also chronicled of this great-great-grandfather of ours that he turned his toes out so far that you could not guess by his tracks in the snow which way he was going; and another tradition says that when his daughter, a pretty and wilful young girl, said to him in church one Sunday, "Pooh—fiddle," he took her by the ear and led her out in the face of the congregation. This daughter was not only handsome, but spirited enough to marry Lieutenant Benjamin Eaton in spite of her father's commands to the contrary, and she was therefore disinherited.

Shippie's occupation was very prosaic. He was a pump-and-block maker, but you must pardon him for that, because through him we have our longest and most distinguished pedigree, reaching back to the Norman Conquest, to "Sir Roger at the Town's End"—and some say to Charlemagne himself, the Townsends being one of the three or four

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English families who can trace themselves in a genuine, unbroken line to the ancestor who came over with the Conqueror. Shippie's portrait represents him as a venerable person with long, white hair. His name was the family name of his mother, Mabel Shippie. We have his Bible with the family record in his handwriting, and his genealogy is to be found in the New England Genealogical Register. We also have it in a little book, all very carefully copied out by an old friend.

Benjamin Eaton, after taking his part in the Revolutionary War, became inspector of customs in Boston until his death of yellow fever in 1819, at the age of sixty-four. He was an excellent man, but since I wish to "nothing extenuate," and to record the faults as well as the virtues of my ancestors, I am constrained to add that he was of a very jealous and high-strung disposition and is said once, in a fit of passion, to have kicked a chair downstairs. But since it was only a chair and not a human being, we will not deal harshly with his memory. His grave is in a little burying-ground on Boston Neck (now Washington Street), the iron gate of which was always kept locked so that I never saw his resting-place, but Aunt Mary used occasionally to stop and look through the bars and tell me that my great-grandfather was buried there.

He had one son, who died young, and several daughters, one of whom, Sally, had a tragic history. She was very handsome and married very young, but lost her husband and her two children at the age of twenty-two. She became insane from grief and remained so a year or more, but recovered her reason in a very unexpected way. It happened one day that a procession with a band of music passed the house, and excited her so much that she threw herself from the window—and the shock brought back her reason. She remained sane until nearly the end of her life, when she fell into what was called a religious melancholy that lasted until her death. It is a pleasant contrast to all this tragedy to turn to the little anecdotes of her girlhood—how she used to stand before the glass putting on her bonnet and turn to her sister to ask,

"Betsy, how should I look if I met a boy?" and how her father came home one day and said he had seen "*such a pretty* girl, and who should it turn out to be but our Sally!" She is said to have had very beautiful coloring, brown eyes and chestnut hair and a brilliant complexion, but we have no likeness of her to confirm this tradition, only one of her husband, a blond youth named Abraham Gamage.

Her sister Nancy, our grandmother Moorfield, was not as handsome, but tall and fine-looking. She was very warm-hearted, tender, and as generous and unselfish as my grandmother Storey, but in temperament as great a contrast to her as could well be imagined, being very impulsive, high-strung and sensitive to a fault. She had a strong love for the pleasant and luxurious things of the world, and for society. She was very hospitable, her house was always open, and she was never tired of giving or of helping others.

Perhaps she was a little extravagant in her tastes. She always dressed beautifully and with very quiet good taste. She would have looked with supreme contempt upon the lace-trimmed underclothing of the present day. She stigmatized that sort of flummery with one withering expression, "the height of vulgarity." All her own things were exquisite in texture and finish, the finest linen lawn, and the most delicate hemstitching, all handwork—a great deal of it nuns' work from Havana. Anything made of cotton was, in those days, below contempt with all well-bred ladies unless, indeed, it came in the form of embroidered India muslin, delicate French cambrics, or what we used to call "nankeen."

She was very fond of reading, especially poetry. She had the taste of her generation for Pope and Cowper and kindred poets, and kept a Commonplace Book, which did not signify a book of commonplaces, but a common place for all sorts of "elegant extracts," as the old-fashioned phrase had it. She was very much in advance of her generation in all the ideas of fresh air, bathing and exercise which we consider exclusively modern discoveries, and had the only regular bath-room in Hingham, constructed after her own plan and under her own eye. It would seem primitive enough now, since it was a

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room behind the kitchen, with the hot-water pipe coming directly through the wall from the kitchen boiler; but such as it was, it was an almost unheard-of luxury at that time, when floundering tin hat-tubs, always ready to flop over on slight provocation, were the ordinary convenience of the rich.

A regular bath-room was not the only rare luxury possessed by the Moorfield family, but they were the first persons in Hingham to become possessed of India-rubber shoes, five pairs of which were sent home by my grandfather; and queer and clumsy enough they were—shapeless things, run in moulds and with a pattern stamped upon them by way of ornament. Aunt Mary always said rather plaintively, “*Mine* were not mates.” I remember a pair of those old-fashioned rubbers, always kept with an old fur cape in the little back entry at Newburyport. We used to call them “the boats” and put them on to run down in the garden when it was damp and chilly.

It is hard to imagine now how few of the everyday conveniences, so familiar to us that we cannot picture ourselves without them, were in use. A friend of mine once told me that her grandfather and his brothers received from friends in Holland, as gifts of equal value, a beautiful set of china and a box of lucifer matches, and the one who received the matches, strange though it may seem, thought his present the best.

We have a little silver box that belonged to my grandfather Storey and was used to hold the flint, and it had a little edge of steel to strike the flint against; and we still have long rolls of tinder, cased in pink muslin, which belonged with the box. My mother used sometimes to describe her mother sitting up in bed on dark winter mornings, patiently striking with her flint and steel till a spark fell upon the tinder and she was able to light a candle. People used to try to keep a fire alight all night or a candle burning, but in the long winter nights the candle would burn out, and very often the fire too, and then the weary process of flint and steel would have to be gone through; which makes me think that the high priests of Vesta, in their time, found

it a great convenience to make it a religious duty in vestal virgins never to let their fire go out.

My grandfather Moorfield chose Hingham for a residence because he thought the country the best place for children, although all the family friends and connections were Boston people. But Hingham was not so far away that it was not perfectly easy to keep up a visiting connection with their old friends; and my older aunts, Anne and Martha, were very pretty, gay young ladies and went a good deal into Boston society. They were called "the handsome Miss Moorfields," and for some time they filled the old house in Hingham with life and fashion. Aunt Martha, especially, was very fond of fashion, and in those days of "gigot sleeves," hers were more extravagantly distended with eider-down than any one else's, to the disapproval of her mother, who used to sit up late at night, after Aunt Martha was sound asleep, to modify their excess by surreptitiously removing a portion of the ballooning eider-down, something she would not have dared to suggest to Aunt Martha in her waking senses, for Aunt Martha had been indulged from her childhood on account of her extreme delicacy, and consequently had developed more than a sufficient allowance of self-will.

My grandmother was very tender and indulgent to all her children. My mother was sent to be educated at the then fashionable school in the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, which was, somewhat later than this time, burned down by a mob. She was very unhappy there among the nuns, and after a not very long time, her father and mother arrived one morning in their chaise to see how she was getting along. Finding how homesick their child was, they "without debate—ment further, more or less" put her between them in the chaise and carried her home. There was no Puritan austerity anywhere in the Moorfield family. My grandmother sympathized with her children even in their small vanities—even with Aunt Mary when she was a little girl, dreadfully dissatisfied with her new "tea-colored bootees" which, although they were the last touch of fashion, did not please Aunt Mary. She was kicking pebbles out of her way in a pet

of exasperation on the way to church, and her mother whispered to a neighbor who joined them, "Do, please, say something to Mary about her bootees!" Whereupon the lady said, "Why, Mary, what pretty tea-colored bootees you have on," and in a moment Miss Mary held up her head and walked proudly on the rest of the way. I am putting down all these little bits of things to make all these people seem real and familiar to you and not mere names.

My two grandmothers could hardly have been more unlike in temperament than they were—the one all impulse and the other so thoughtful and self-controlled—but they were both most lovable in their different ways, and both very generous and self-sacrificing. I do not think my grandmother Moorfield was overfond of dress, but she had beautiful taste and liked to gratify it. I have a sort of picture of her in my mind, in her happy days, as Aunt Mary described her once, tall and stately, with a beautiful complexion and dressed in a long dark-green silk "pelisse" bordered with fur.

Almost all Aunt Mary's recollections of distinguished people dated back to the time of her childhood and theirs, about this time. Her first sight of James Russell Lowell was like the story of little Silverhair and the wee, wee bear, for she was taken in to see him, a little curly-headed boy of three or four—fast asleep in her own little bed and in her own little nightgown, his mother having left him behind. Her one recollection of the Hon. William M. Evarts is of aiding him, then a boy of eleven or twelve, in the nefarious project of putting torpedoes under every leg of every chair at the breakfast table on the morning of the glorious Fourth.

All this happy life came to an end with my grandfather's death, and all that was left for my poor grandmother after settling with his creditors was her furniture, which was very handsome, and a very little money. At this juncture, my Aunt Anne's husband, who had just opened a school in Springfield and built a new house, proposed that my grandmother should furnish it with her furniture, and live with him and her daughter and keep house for them. It seemed a solution of some of her difficulties and Aunt

Anne clung to her and begged her to come, and she consented very unwillingly. It was a most unfortunate arrangement, as it turned out, for both she and my Uncle George were very unbusinesslike and accustomed to easy expenditure. The end was that all her furniture had eventually to be sold, which is the reason that we have nothing except my grandfather's portrait that ever belonged to the Moorfield family.

After this, my grandmother left Springfield and with my Aunt Mary, a girl of fifteen, went to Newburyport to join my mother, who had started a little school there; and the two sisters, being young, were very happy to be together again and always looked back to those days with pleasure, but their mother was too broken-hearted to hope or enjoy. No one was ever more alone than she. She had no male relation—neither brother nor cousin—and her nearest and kindest friends at this time were Mr. Isaac Parker, the husband of a cousin, who could only help her with advice, and my grandfather Storey, who was kindness itself, but whom she knew only very slightly. We have some of her letters written at this time, and though she wrote beautiful letters—and they were very interesting—they are so sad that it is painful to read them. In one of them she says, "Trouble has become my aliment. Without it I suppose I should cease to live." It was not her troubles only that broke her heart, but those of her children; and it seemed at one time as if there was no hope that they would ever have anything but trouble. She died when I was only nine years old, and so I remember her only as a very sad, feeble old lady; and I love best to think of her when all her sorrows were over and she lay with a beautiful look of peace and rest upon her face. It was my first knowledge of death—but it left me with a lovely memory.

And now I come to my own father and mother—and it seems so hard to write about them without appearing to fall into nothing but meaningless praise. I do not think two more lovely characters ever lived, and yet to try to describe them is like trying to paint a portrait without knowing how. I have known many beautiful characters, and yet my mother

seems to me the most beautiful of all—not only because she was so full of nobility and sweetness, so self-forgetful, so earnest and full of interest in all great ideas and purposes, but because she was so happy with it all, so light-hearted in the midst of all the difficulties of her life, which were many. She loved all the pleasant and pretty things of the world as much as most women, but she seemed able to give them up, and go without them without a thought of discontent. After her death, my father came to me with Wordsworth's poem, "She was a phantom of delight, When first she gleamed upon my sight," and said, "Every line in that might have been written for your mother"; and he only spoke the thought that had always been in my mind since I first knew the poem.

There was another poem, one of Jean Ingelow's, of which my father was very fond because of the refrain, "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath, than my son's wife, Elizabeth." And once when I was in Newburyport, Miss Andrews, the daughter of the old Unitarian minister there, asked me if I knew that one, adding, "My father never read it without saying, 'That always makes me think of Elizabeth Moorfield.'" Every one used to speak of her as a very beautiful young girl, slender and stately, with dark eyes and hair and a beautiful color. Her features were regular and her profile very lovely. Miss Curzon used to say, "Oh, there were many of us who watched every Sunday to see Elizabeth and Mary Moorfield walk up the aisle with their beautiful, erect carriage."

She was only seventeen when her father died and all the old Hingham life was broken up, and it was clear that she must maintain herself. Teaching and sewing were, at that time, the only ways in which women could find employment, and she chose the former, for which she was very slenderly equipped. Her education had been a most desultory one, a little while in the Ursuline Convent, some time in a school in Boston which stood nearly opposite the place where our dear old Athenæum is now—and where she used to coast down-hill in somebody's garden close by—and

finally a year or two under Miss Caroline Weston, an unusually fine teacher, who gave her all the really valuable training she ever received, and besides aroused her first interest in the burning question of those days, the abolition of slavery.

So Miss Elizabeth Moorfield undertook to give "instruction in all the usual English branches and also the French language" to the little Newburyporters, morning and afternoon, all the year round except for a summer vacation of two weeks, and all this for six dollars a quarter. This went on for seven years, during which all sorts of misfortunes befell her mother and her sisters. Aunt Mary had typhoid fever, and there were no such things as trained nurses in those days, while the science of medicine was so little advanced that it seems miraculous how any very sick person should ever have recovered. Then her married sisters had many troubles which were the cause of great anxiety to them all. The one bright spot was her own engagement to my father, which was announced at Curzon's Mills by my grandfather in these words, "Well, Charles is engaged to that pretty Moorfield girl, and she'll be the making of the boy."

At the end of these seven years of hard work, anxiety and real privation, I find my mother writing to her cousin, Miss Parker, who had just returned from the White Mountains, "Although the last seven years have been the happiest of my life, yet sometimes I have thought that I should like to travel." Her letters written at that time are very sweet, and full of her interest in the new ideas of the time,—Emerson's lectures, and the Unitarian and anti-slavery movements; but it is almost pathetic to read how easily pleased she was with the little bits of enjoyment or good fortune that came in her way, and how very little they were. In one letter she writes jubilantly to her mother about three unexpected dollars and her expenditure of them. And her little list of wedding presents is so short and consists of such trifles gloves, pincushions and the like—the only one of importance being "Susan's beautiful shawl"; and she writes gratefully, "I have had a great many very handsome wedding presents."

Throughout her life it took so little to make her happy, and she met all her troubles with the same simple, unconscious courage.

She broke down altogether at the end of her seven years of teaching and spent the last year before her marriage with my grandmother Storey, while her mother and Aunt Mary went back to Springfield, and my father went out West with some idea of establishing himself there. But he found it so unpromising and uninviting that he gave it up in disgust, although if he had had a prophet's eye, he might have enriched himself for life by investing the little money he had with him in some small part of the dreary mudhole where Chicago now stands.

It was a hard year for them both. At the rate of two shillings for every letter, they could not solace themselves by very frequent correspondence. Mamma had terrible neuralgic headaches almost daily and told me once that she could remember rolling on the floor with agony, and my grandmother Storey coming to say, "Poor child, poor child!" Years afterward, when we used to say "Mamma, how could you bear those things?" she always replied, "My dear, I always had your father."

The course of their true love did not run more smoothly than it should, according to tradition. Before they became engaged, the machinations of what novelists call "a false friend" caused a long and serious misunderstanding. I never knew the particulars, but it came to an end one scorching summer afternoon when most wise people kept indoors. My father appeared in the very hottest part of the afternoon with a spyglass, and proposed that Mamma should go up on the hill behind the house and look at the view. Aunt Mary used to say that the proposition was so preposterous and so transparent that even Mamma could hardly help smiling, but she went and matters were cleared up satisfactorily. They made up their minds that since it would be very long before they were able to marry, my father being only twenty-two and my mother a year younger, they would not announce their engagement except to their respective

families, and that it should remain a profound secret to every one else. To this end they agreed to take a long walk together the next morning before breakfast. I need scarcely add that the news was all over town in the course of the following day.

I ought now to begin to tell you about my father, Charles William Storey, the younger; but if I said what I thought and felt about him myself, you might think it was all the exaggerated partiality of a daughter. I think I must begin by telling some of the things that others said of him to each other and to us, and then you may realize more easily what he was. Mr. John Holmes and Mr. Fay Barrett were once talking over the men they had known. They themselves belonged to the very flower of New England and so did all their friends, Lowell and Emerson being among them, as well as a long list of distinguished men, and this gave real value to their opinion. Mr. Barrett asked Mr. Holmes whom he thought the very best man he had ever known, and the latter thought a little while, because there were so many to choose from, and finally replied, "Perhaps you will be surprised if I say Charles Storey." "I should be surprised if you said any one else," replied Mr. Barrett.

My father's partner, Judge May, said of him, "He was the wisest man I ever knew."

My old friend, Mrs. Sedgwick, said, "Your father is that most charming combination, a man of the world without being worldly." Mrs. William Greenough, who had known him all his life, said to us one day, "You think your father's lovely now, but you'll *never* know what a lovely *young* man he was." Another friend spoke of "that lovely wish to share every pleasure." Senator Hoar, in his Autobiography, quotes him as "a noted wit."

His classmate, Mr. John Eliot, said of him, "Charles Storey was so lazy in college that we used to think he wouldn't amount to a great deal, but now he is the one we all think the most of."

Colonel Henry Lee wrote of the impression he made in college as "a deliberate, merry-tempered, somewhat indo-

lent, witty, luxurious youth," which is interesting to contrast with what was written of him years afterward. "There was a charm in his talk that was remarkable, and he adorned and illustrated whatever he touched. . . . His intellect was acute, clear and comprehensive; his judgment wise and impartial; no man detected a fallacy more quickly or penetrated more readily the masks and disguises of pretenders. He had the courage of his convictions and expressed them. His character won the love of all who knew him. He was truth itself, honor, integrity, full of charity and goodwill to all, forgiving everything but meanness and deceit."

I could go on a long time with things like these to show you why so many people loved and admired my father, but I will only add the lines written after his death by his old friend, John Holmes, one of four little poems in commemoration of four old friends who died at nearly the same time. I write it from memory, for it was never published.

"Next thee, Oh C! we call again to view,
Quick brain, large heart, in all things frank and true!
Ardent as ever was unchristened Turk,
Thy pen thou sharpened'st for unfinished work.
That done, thou gladly sought'st the social ray
That sheds its light o'er man's laborious day.
Then from thine ample memory would'st thou pour
Thy never-dwindling stock of social lore,
And keep the festal spirits in a glow,
Nor seem to dream that thou wast doing so,
Until Old Time was touched with such delight
Himself scarce knew the hour of day or night.
Thine illustration apt and comment shrewd
The lagging conversation still renewed.
No circle of thy friends was e'er complete
As long as thine remained an empty seat.
The well-worn vestment given you at birth
Is taken back again by Mother Earth.
You! When we ask or what you are, or where,
Our only answer is the empty air."

When Thackeray's "Newcomes" first made its appearance, a great many of my father's friends were fond of saying that he resembled the character of Colonel Newcome; and in the

warm hospitality and love of children and delight in taking them to the pantomime that are described as characterizing the Colonel, my father was certainly like him, and also in his addiction to smoking. There is a picture of Colonel Newcome smoking alone in his chair on the balcony which always makes me think of my father, but there the resemblance ends.

But when I read Lockhart's Life of Scott, I am constantly reminded of my father, for I think he had something of the same combination of warm and romantic imagination with clear judgment and great sense of humor: the same generous temper and joyousness of temperament and a certain chivalrous attitude toward all women, and an enjoyment of their society as well as that of men, that belonged to Sir Walter Scott. And besides, though my father was not a poet, I think he had the poetic temperament; and his friends used to say that he certainly had a touch of genius somewhere about him, though it showed itself more in what he was than in what he said or did. He was like Scott, too, in being clear and wise in judging for other people, but not in judging for himself. He certainly possessed a beautiful combination of qualities of mind and heart, and, I think, was more loved by all sorts of different people than almost any one I ever knew.

He was born on July 18, 1816, at the house of his great-grandfather, Daniel Giddings, on Bible Hill, Claremont, New Hampshire. The first mention of him that I ever saw was an old letter from Curzon's Mills, "We had today a very pleasant call from Mr. & Mrs. Storey with their beautiful baby."

The first seven years of his life were spent in a tall old house on Spring Street in Newburyport. He pointed it out to me once, and said his very first recollection was of being immaculately clad on a certain morning, and squeezing himself and his clean dress under the gate to run across to a neighbor's, where he was enthroned in a high chair at the breakfast table, and treated with bread and jelly until Nemesis in the shape of authority from home bore him

away. The house stood on a corner, and so directly on the sidewalk that the trees planted along its edge almost pressed against the windows—at least so they did when I saw the house. My Uncle John and my Aunt Susan were born in this house; and not many doors away, my Uncle John Tappan, Aunt Susan's husband. They were almost exactly the same age, so they were babies together on Spring Street.

In 1823, my grandfather bought the house on High Street that we were all so fond of, and there the three younger children were born, Elizabeth, Lydia and Caroline Augusta.

My father's earliest recollection of that house was being perched upon the garden fence, to watch the procession in honor of the Marquis of Lafayette, who visited Newburyport in 1824. He used to say that the procession made very little impression on his mind, that being wholly occupied with the splendor of his own apparel. He was dressed in a most resplendent suit of rich, dark blue silk with yellow stripes and ornamented with gilt buttons, a costume manufactured for him out of one of my grandmother's best gowns, from which we may draw the inference that at this early period she was not wholly removed from the world and its vanities. In fact, an old letter speaks of her then as "a very elegant woman." Papa remembered thinking to himself on that occasion, "They must think a great deal of me, to dress me like this."

The old house on High Street was not always the quiet place that I chiefly remember. It was full of young life when these six children were growing up in it. My grandfather had many Spanish friends in Cuba who used sometimes to come to visit him in Newburyport, and there were four little Spanish girls who used to come all at once to stay with my aunts when they were all young. My grandmother's brother, Uncle James Burnham, married a Spanish lady named Fatio, from whom I had my Spanish name, Mariana Teresa; and her sisters, with many young orphan nieces, at one time lived in Boston on Summer Street, which was then full of fine old-fashioned houses with gardens and beautiful trees. The oldest Miss Fatio, a handsome old lady who looked

exactly like the pictures of Lady Washington, was always called Madrina (godmother) by her nieces and by my aunts as well, and as a child I used to think it her Christian name and to wonder at their temerity in being so familiar with so old a lady. Her own name was Sofia, and there was an other sister, Felipa. I always wished it had been my fortune to have been named for either of those two, for my own poor name has been misspelled and mispronounced all my life by every new acquaintance. Aunt Lydia used to enjoy visiting the Fatios, and met a good deal of interesting Boston society there—the old-fashioned society of Sohiers and Inches and such old Boston families—but that was when she was a young lady.

Aunt Hannah Wheelwright was almost like a daughter of the old Newburyport house. She was an orphan, and brought up by an older cousin, "Auntie Page," who lived directly opposite my grandfather's. She was just Aunt Susan's age, and my grandmother dressed them both nearly alike. My father used to speak of coming home from college one day and finding Aunt Susan and Aunt Hannah in the garden—girls of fourteen or so, and thinking that there could hardly be two prettier girls. Aunt Hannah was what people call "a blooming beauty," and she had very pretty features and a lovely little classic profile with the straight nose and short upper lip. My mother used to say she was "a perfect Hebe." Aunt Susan, by all accounts, was really very beautiful—my mother said the most beautiful girl she ever saw. She had gray eyes with beautiful black eyebrows and lashes, a transparent red-and-white coloring and what are called aristocratic features. My sister Susie tells me I must not write as if all my geese were swans, but I want you to observe that I am writing chiefly from hearsay, and what I tell you is what I have been told myself, and my statements rest upon the reports of many eye-witnesses. Aunt Susan and Aunt Hannah both had beauty enough when they were old to make it easy to believe that contemporary judgment was correct. Aunt Susan was very gentle and had a perfectly saintlike expression, but with it all she was very full of quiet

fun and mischief. Aunt Elizabeth I never saw. She died young; but she, too, was very bright and full of saucy mischief. I have a little letter of hers written to my father when he was a college boy, a very correct and demure little epistle, winding up with, "Why don't you come home, you snipe, you?"

Dear Uncle John Storey we were all very fond of. He was very bright and funny, and very brusque in his manners, but it was a humorous brusqueness, and we were not at all afraid of him and loved him dearly. I can remember Aunt Lydia and Aunt Augusta when they were both young—Aunt Lydia a fair, delicate young lady, always beautifully dressed, and with a charm for me as a child which she had for children all her life. And I remember Aunt Augusta as a pretty, blooming girl of eighteen, when she was being made ready to be somebody's bridesmaid, and the "parlor chamber" was all a-foam with white tarlatan. Lovely Miss Fanny Tappan was there too, and I thought her the loveliest being that ever stepped. She was only a girl of sixteen, but she was from New York and very fashionable—all crinoline and flounces. When I saw her years afterward as Mrs. Stephen Tyng, she was still so beautiful that I felt my childish adoration was not misplaced. I think that time when I was six years old was the only time in my grandmother's lifetime that I remember the old house as being otherwise than pervaded with absolute tranquillity.

My father's first school was kept by one Master Walsh whom my father always remembered with affection and who was the first instructor of many boys who afterward became distinguished men. He used to wear knee breeches and a pig-tail long after they had been given up by men in general. His school stood near the Powwow River, the land behind it sloping down to the water's edge. The place, twenty years ago, was very little changed in outward appearance since his day.

From that school my father went to Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, "where," he says of himself, "I was very well fitted for college in every respect but that of learn-

ing," and from there to Harvard, when he was but fifteen years old. He graduated at nineteen, with, I believe, no other honor than that of being chosen "Lord High Admiral of the Navy," one which, according to the class historian, is "supposed to be conferred on the laziest and best fellow of the class." After leaving college he studied law in Boston, in the office of Charles P. Curtis, at that time one of the most eminent Boston lawyers, and those were happy years for him.

He became very intimate in Mr. Curtis's family and laid the foundations of many very pleasant friendships. I found among his papers a large collection of little three-cornered notes from Miss Anna and Miss Katy Curtis, full of girlish fun, begging him to come or reproaching him for staying away, lecturing him, teasing him, sending him pen-wipers with poetic effusions appended to them, and all showing what a pleasant life his was at that time.

It was then that his life-long friendship began with James Russell Lowell, who was three years his junior in college. When he began to be intimate with Uncle John Holmes (as we always called him) I never knew, but it must have been about this time, for Mr. Holmes used to visit him in Newburyport before his marriage. They were not in college together, for Mr. Holmes was five years older than he. Judge Hoar, Nathan Hale, Charles Chauncy Shackford and Fay Barrett were his dearest college friends.

I do not know exactly what year he first met my mother, but the occasion of it was when she came with her mother to return a call from my grandmother Storey. He told me of it once, and said, "I couldn't help myself. I couldn't take my eyes away from her. I knew it was awfully rude, but I couldn't help it." He always used to say, "She was a wonder." I think they were not engaged until two or three years from this first meeting, and married four years after that, on the 30th of July, 1842. Aunt Susan wrote an account of the wedding to Aunt Mary Moorfield ending, "and so, strange to say, in our parlor were two people married in one day."

It was not until a year after their marriage that they went to live in the little house where we were all born, and little

Charles James, their first-born, the only one of us that had my father's blue eyes, and who died when he was only fifteen months old, before any of the rest of us came. His death nearly broke my father's heart. He never forgot his birthday, the 11th of May. I always remember his speaking of it every year when the day came round, and I once found a little note, apparently sent home to my mother after he had left home in the morning: "Little Charlie's birthday, my love. We forgot that when I left you this morning."

It was a pretty place in my remembrance—"le joli lieu de ma naissance." It was on Chestnut Street, Roxbury. The street ran up and down a hill and beautiful horse-chestnut trees shaded it on both sides. Two beautiful ones stood before our gate, lovely when they blossomed in the spring, and superlatively interesting in the autumn with their glossy brown nuts, which Moorfield and I made many conscientious but vain endeavors to persuade ourselves were edible. Failing in that, we always collected large numbers to convert into baskets, by digging out the interior and leaving a strap for handle. Moorfield sometimes succeeded—I invariably failed. Behind the house was room for a garden, but it was pretty nearly all grass and currant bushes, although every spring my father presented us with flower-seeds and we always planted them. Papa was very fond of flowers with what he called "luminous hearts," such as morning-glories, flower-de-luce, which he taught us to call *fleur-de-lis*, and tulips. Every year we essayed to raise a crop of these, but I cannot remember any great success crowning our efforts.

Our little house went by the name of the "Brown Cot," among the family friends. One morning, Mr. George Minns, who was a much later riser than my father (who was never an early one), managed to get up betimes and left this note at our door as he passed by:

"Sleep on, tired inmate of the cot so brown!
While George, the early, wends his way to town.
Some six hours later in the day will follow
The Rip Van Winkle of this Sleepy Hollow.
And when our morning's news is stale to hear,
The latest Storey of the times, appear."

There we lived very much as people do now who take little sea-side cottages for the summer, leaving behind all the luxuries and elaborate conveniences of their winter life, and taking with them only the comforts and pleasantnesses. We lived that sort of life all the year round and it was very pleasant, as I recollect it, full of sunshine and cheerfulness.

We left the place before I was nine years old, but I remember it very distinctly—our little parlor with the sun shining in all day, and the crackling soft-coal fire always blazing winter and summer, except in the hottest weather; the round table with its crimson cloth, and the “solar” lamp which gave such a cosy look to the room when it was lighted in the evening, especially when it was stormy outside and the wind howled and the windows rattled. That was a favorite state of things with Moorfield when he was a boy. He had a fancy that reading was never so pleasant as when the sleet was rattling against the window-panes. Then there was the flowered sofa on the end of which all our books had a way of getting piled up.

I think we children had the very cream of children’s literature. Papa delighted in supplying us with everything that was picturesque and fanciful in the classics of childhood. There was so little of that to be had when he was a child that his greatest treasure was a little copy of “The Seven Champions of Christendom” with colored pictures. Our dear, kind adopted uncles lent him their aid in this matter and we had many a little red-and-gold volume with “Merry Christmas from Uncle Nat,” or “Uncle John,” written on the fly-leaf.

The books we loved best about that time were “Arabian Nights,” Hawthorne’s “Wonder Book” and “Tanglewood Tales,” Hans Andersen’s Tales, “Undine,” “Robinson Crusoe,” “Pilgrim’s Progress,” which every one ought to read in early childhood, the dear “Tales from Catland” and the “London Doll,” and the heart-breaking “History of My Pets”; and a dear little chunky volume called “Child’s Own Book,” with pictures about the size of a postage stamp, full of old-fashioned fairy tales—Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty,

and so forth—as well as the old English stories, Goody Two Shoes and Whittington and his Cat. Besides these, which no child's library should be without, we had a good many of the instructive kind, "Evenings at Home," "Sanford and Merton," Edgeworth's "Frank" (tiresome boy) and many bound volumes of *Merry's Museum*, all of which had a charm of their own; and I must not forget Mayne Reid's "Boy Hunters" and "Young Voyageurs"—thrilling to the last degree—and last, but not least, the darling "Rutherford Children." I do not feel as if I could spare one of all these (always excepting "Frank") from my memory.

When we are young, we love our books for themselves alone. When we are older, another charm comes and a greater one still—the charm of old association. Everything that I read then brings back the little parlor and the bright fire, the flowered sofa—and my dear father smoking in his big chair. The opening lines of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour draws on apace," present a very different image to my mind from what it was intended to, for I always think of a stormy afternoon in autumn, when one of our big volumes of Shakespeare, open at that page, was put into my small hands by Papa, with the remark that he thought I might like that. I was buried in it immediately and shortly afterward, when Moorfield and Jim Bates went to see it acted at the Boston Museum, my distress was extreme because I couldn't go too, and my disgust equally extreme when I learned that the fairies on the stage were grown-up women, quite incapable of creeping "into acorn-cups" to "hide them there." At that age I was capable of believing anything about fairies, and I think I really expected to be told that the boys had seen the genuine thing.

When I read the beginning of "Marmion," I seem to see not only "Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, and Cheviot's mountains lone," but the same little parlor and crackling fire on a bright Sunday morning in winter. I am sure it was Sunday, I don't know why, and that Papa had brought home "Marmion" the night before, and also that there was a new *Harper's Magazine* to divide my attention. And in the same

way, the opening of Scott's "Talisman" calls back a summer afternoon and the flowering horse-chestnuts, and Papa alighting from the omnibus with two little gray volumes, not at all promising in appearance. I took no interest whatever in "The Betrothed," but fell upon "The Talisman" and never emerged from it until the next afternoon, "dinners, suppers and sleeping-hours excepted." I remember that Uncle John Holmes was there that next afternoon, and that he and Papa consoled me somewhat for having come to the end of "The Talisman," by telling me a long story together, one taking it up whenever the other failed in invention.

Papa himself was fonder of Scott than of any other author, and half my love for all the novels and poems comes from remembering how my father loved them. He was also very fond of Campbell's poetry, and "Hohenlinden" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" remind me always of twilights before the lamps were lit, when the snow was banked up high out of doors and the firelight danced about the room, and Papa walked up and down repeating ballads to us. He had the rare gift of repeating poetry well, with simplicity and unconsciousness, with expression, and yet quietly; and besides a great deal of real poetry, his memory was full of odd little scraps which he used to repeat for our amusement. One was

"Aldiborontifoscofornio
Where left thou Chrononhotanthologos?
Fatigued within his tent, by the toils of war,
On downy couch reposing,
Rigdumfunnidos watching near him,
While the prince was dozing."

and another,

"Who ever dares these boots displace
Shall meet Bombastes, face to face."

There were other pleasant twilights when Mamma and Aunt Mary used to sit in two deep cane-seated rocking-chairs before the fire, with Susie in one lap and me in the other, and tell us stories and sing to us. Aunt Mary had a very sweet voice and used to sing very sweetly all the old-

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fashioned songs, "Flow gently, Sweet Afton," and "Oft in the Stilly Night." She knew numberless airs, but was very apt to forget most of the words, and had a way of dropping the words after the first two or three lines and going on with the air by itself. This was especially trying to me in one instance.

"What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
Enchanting the senses with charmed melody?
'Tis the voice of the mermaid—"

and there the words stopped and I never found out about that mermaid.

Mamma had one dear little song. It came from an old English opera, "The Travellers," and I never knew more than one verse:

"When the little drummer beats to bed,
When the little fifer hangs his head,
Still and mute,
The Moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily."

We have those two old rocking-chairs to this day, and I wish they might sometime be in some Storey nursery where other little Storeys might be rocked to sleep in them before the fire.

I must not forget the dear old family friends who were always coming and going in that little house—"Uncle" George Wheelwright, "Uncle" Nat Hale, "Uncle" John Holmes. I can see them sitting about the table after dinner, telling stories and smoking, and Moorfield and myself very anxious to contribute our mite to the conversation in the shape of extracts from Harper's "Drawer," which we told with laborious care to explain the point of every joke; and I can see Uncle John Holmes slapping the table by way of applause, with "Now, Mariana, how *good* that is!"

I remember James Russell Lowell about that time with rather long hair parted in the middle and with the ends curling up on the collar of his fur-trimmed overcoat. Fur-trimmed overcoats were rare in those days, and he was a picturesque figure. Aunt Mary and Mamma used to remark

after he left, "What a handsome man James Lowell is!" an opinion from which I always silently dissented, feeling sure that Papa, whom I regarded as the exact model of Cœur de Lion, had greatly the advantage in looks as well as in everything else. The long hair parted in the middle seemed to my infant mind an effeminacy which I could not forgive, and I still think it somewhat of an affectation.

My father used to say of himself, "It was never my reproach that I was handsome," but he must always have had a charming face, for he had regular features and great beauty of expression. His eyes were of a very beautiful blue, the rarest of colors, and very fine in shape and setting, and his smile was frank and charming. Mr. Akers, the artist, said of him, "He has a perfectly beautiful head and a perfectly beautiful face." But in his youth fashion frowned altogether upon any shade of red in the hair. I do not remember how he looked before his hair began to change, which was very early in life. It turned into a very becoming shade of blond gray, which made him for some time, combined with his fair complexion, look younger than he really was, and in his age he had unquestionably the advantage of Mr. Lowell, who went to the other extreme in later life and looked more like a weather-beaten sea-captain in a pea-jacket than like one's idea of a poet. The crayon drawing of my father is to me the most perfect likeness I ever saw of any one—except that, at the time it was taken, it gave the idea of a more robust man than he then was, and resembled him as he looked in earlier life.

My earliest recollection of him is of having him stand me up on the mantel-piece and jump me off again, and I think my next earliest is of seeing him in a dark blue coat and white trousers, springing down the front steps, two or three at a time, to hail the omnibus which came clattering down the hill. I am glad to think of him full of buoyant life and gayety of heart, as he was then, for in later life he became so great an invalid. I can remember sitting with him on those same front steps another summer morning and asking, "Papa, who is President now?" He answered with a

lack of enthusiasm which struck me at the time, "Franklin Pierce." It is curious that a child of six should have been so struck with his sudden gravity of expression as to have remembered it all these years, but those were the dark days before the war, when slavery seemed to be fastened upon us more firmly than ever and thoughtful people felt the disgrace and menace of it very deeply, though no one foresaw the terrible things that were to come. This was also the time of the Crimean War, and echoes of it came across the ocean to little Roxbury. I remember when Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" first appeared in the corner of the newspaper, and we all learned it by heart and the boys spouted it at school. Then the popular air was "Pop goes the weasel," and we used to sing,

"Queen Victoria's very sick,
Napoleon's got the measles,
Sebastopol ain't taken yet,
Pop goes the weasel."

At our little dancing school we were taught the "Pop goes the weasel" dance, where there were two rings of children, one inside the other, and we circled round to the air, until finally the inner ones popped their heads suddenly under the arms of the outer ring, and we all sang, "Pop goes the weasel." We little guessed that in another ten years we should be in the midst of an even more terrible war in our own country.

We had a garret in our little house—not an attic, but a real old-fashioned garret, with unfinished beams overhead and, under foot, broad lines of laths and plaster between the boards, "on which," as Doctor Holmes says somewhere, "if you trod, you would go—Good Gracious, where *would* you go?" and there was a yawning chasm about the chimney, into which we gazed with awful apprehensions. There were treasures to be found in this garret if one poked and pried about often enough, and thoroughly enough. There we found old *Harper's Magazines* to paint, in "that happy time, Art's early days," and old pamphlets with covers of delicate pastel

shades of pink and green, which I utilized as frocks for my paper-dolls.

There I found "Aurifodina, or the Gold Region," by "Cantell A. Bigly," which I read with respect and a sense of mental improvement, as a serious book of travel, until the hoax became too palpable for even me. And, last but not least, there I found the "Amber Witch," beautifully bound in pink and green shot silk, with gold lettering, a prize which I seized upon with avidity, only to have it turn to dust and ashes in my grasp, for not a word of it could I understand. I thought I was too little, and made many journeys to the garret in hopes that my intellect might have somewhat aged, but it was not until long years afterward that I found by chance that the "Amber Witch" was the title of an abstruse metaphysical novel, translated from the German by Lady Duff-Gordon.

The temptations of the garret were too much for me once, when I had been told not to wake up the baby (Susie) by clambering up there overhead. I was very naughty and disobedient, and in spite of Moorfield's remonstrances I went; and when Aunt Mary's head appeared at the top of the stairs with, "You naughty child, what are you doing here?" I was so lost to all good behavior that I said, "Moorfield sent me," and immediately fell into a gulf of ignominy. I remember Moorfield's horrified face of protest. He didn't need to speak. My guilt was written on my face. It was a dreadful time. Everybody looked very grave and I was put into the empty kitchen (it being Sunday morning when it was quite deserted) to repent, which I did, in sackcloth and ashes, and felt that I could never face the world again. After I had repented about ten minutes, which seemed ten hours to me, Papa came and talked gravely to me, for I had not only been disobedient and untruthful but had tried to throw the blame on my brother. I felt black with sin, but I was forgiven and taken back into the bosom of my family; and I suppose they did not lay it up against me very long, for I was not much more than four years old, but I did not get over it myself for a long time.

At that period of our lives, Moorfield and I laid the foundations of a liberal education by digging into every book we could get hold of and extracting something from it. *Harper's Magazine* furnished us with much information, and when we had got all we could out of it in a literary way, we used it artistically and painted the illustrations. Moorfield was a painstaking Pre-Raphaelite. I was more of the impressionist school, and many a blue smudge remains to show how I anticipated the Monets in the Art Museum. Moorfield was also a good deal of a wag even in those days, and painted Napoleón in a bright yellow waistcoat with chocolate polka dots, and the young man who had attempted his assassination in a chocolate waistcoat with yellow dots—all very carefully finished off. He also cut out paper-dolls for me, some with round heads and some with square ones. When I remonstrated at that, he said they were blockheads, which I received as an adequate explanation of the phenomenon; and when he denuded my doll of every feminine habili-ment, making her sashes into turbans and her mantles into regal robes, and called her the Sublime Porte, I was speechless with awe.

We had Homer's "Iliad" with Flaxman's illustrations, and a couplet from Pope's translation under each one. I think I may truly say that, excepting the original Greek, we knew it by heart, and what with that and "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Arabian Nights," I fancy we could have passed a very creditable examination as to three of the world's great religions.

In our childhood and for some time afterward, Roxbury was a beautiful old town. It had many long, beautiful streets shaded with fine old trees and with lovely private places all along on either side. All that dreary waste of wooden apartment houses between Roxbury and Dorchester did not exist then, and indeed apartment houses of any kind had never been dreamed of. It was all woods or fields or large private places, and it was a lovely walk along Warren Street to the Chocolate Mills in Dorchester—and one which, when we were a little older, we were very fond of taking. When I read

Miss Thackeray's "Old Kensington," it always reminds me of old Roxbury before "the shabby tide of progress" engulfed it.

Our milkman, Mr. Waugh, had a little farm or market-garden, not far from where we lived, and sometimes Aunt Mary would take me there to see Mrs. Waugh and a daughter, Almira, and her son, Sylvester, and their dog, Dimond. I remember very well how neat and tidy the house was and how I used to wonder at the braided rag mats.

There was one business street in Roxbury with a dry-goods store kept by two little birds of men, the twin brothers Bacon, and a shoe-store kept by Mr. Knott, who used to emerge from a little den, clad in a very smutty apron, and measure me for my shoes. For more ornamental things we went into Boston in the gay-colored omnibus which passed our house once an hour and was, therefore, spoken of as the "Hourly." It made the most tremendous rattling over the cobblestone pavement of Boston streets, and it was mounted on runners in winter and filled with straw to keep warm the feet of the passengers.

It was no small event to go into Boston in that equipage, and sometimes I used to go in it to spend the day with my Eaton cousins, Annie, Charley, and Hannah, who lived then in their grandfather's house on Boston Neck, a great old-fashioned house of white brick, with a wide hall running through to a garden at the back of the house. It was so large that although it held old Mr. Eaton and his wife and four daughters, three orphan grand-daughters, Uncle George and Aunt Anne and my three little cousins, yet there were many empty rooms—and upstairs a great, never-used ball-room, where we children used sometimes to be allowed to play "if you wouldn't make any noise."

It was a chilly, echoing place, and as we chased each other on tiptoe and shouted in whispers, I never associated it with hilarity. But on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, there was a military banquet at the Washington House, which stood not far from old Mr. Eaton's, and the men were banqueted outside at long tables spread under open tents, and we

children were allowed to look on from the ball-room windows ; and when our small faces appeared there and the soldiers caught sight of us, they began to toss up apples and oranges for us to catch. I wonder any of us survived to tell the tale, such frantic dives and plunges as we made after them. And I believe we did not catch even one apple, to say nothing of oranges.

On one side of the wide hall in that old house were old Mr. Eaton's own apartments, opposite the long parlor and sitting-room. We used to pass along there with bated breath and on our very tiptoes. My dear, gentle Aunt Anne was afraid of nothing so much as that the children should disturb their grandfather ; and she inspired us with an awe which made me, at least, look upon him as a veritable ogre, though he never did anything more alarming than sometimes to poke his venerable nose a little way out of the crack of the door, more, I think, from an innocent curiosity than from any dislike of our proceedings.

Hanging in the hall there were two grim portraits, black with age, representing two ill-favored personages in robes and skull-caps, that I always supposed to be ancestral Eatons, perhaps even "Grandfather" in his prime. I have since had reason to suppose, from their costume, that they were fathers of the early Romish Church, but no Eaton of my generation was ever able to tell me who they were or where the pictures came from.

The old house is still standing with the garden turned into rows of brick houses. I used to like to go there, for they were all very kind to me and I snatched a fearful joy in tiptoeing past old Mr. Eaton and the frowning old pictures ; but I was always glad to get back to our dear little Cot.

When I was nearly nine, we went into Boston for the winter, leaving Aunt Mary in charge of the Cot, with our dear Grandmother Moorfield, who was now very feeble. All the memories of the little house are very dear to me, and we children were very happy there. It is a pleasant jumble in my memories of crusaders and fairy godmothers, mermaids and goddesses, horse-chestnut blossoms, crackling fires and

the Commander of the Faithful, to say nothing of rattling omnibuses and explorations in the garret. The little brown house is still standing, apparently not at all the worse for wear; for when I saw it last, five years ago, it was freshly painted and looked younger than any one of its former occupants. Everything about is changed, and the old life has passed away altogether, but I remember it almost as if it were yesterday.

That winter in Boston was delightful in many ways to us youngsters, chiefly, I think, because of being taken many times to the theatre, where we saw the wonderful Ravels in real Italian pantomime, with Columbine and Harlequin, Clown and Pantaloon, and in the pathetic play of "Pongo, the Brazilian Ape," in which our hearts were wrung by Pongo's tragic end. Then we saw the charming Agnes Robertson in the school-boy play of "Bob Nettles," with William Warren as the "abandoned Waddilove," and also in a "really, truly" fairy story, "The Invisible Prince," just as I had read it in my own fairy book, with the princess's pet Maltese cat, Bluet, in flesh and blood and fur upon the stage. Papa enjoyed nothing more than taking us all, and we always had a paper of burnt almonds or gum-drops to beguile the time during the waits. Those "innocuous cates" were allowed by Mamma, who had a sneaking kindness for them herself.

Getting ready for Christmas was a great excitement that winter. Moorfield and I earned all our Christmas money, and kept it religiously to buy presents with. To spend a penny on our own selves was almost sacrilege in our eyes. Moorfield had ninepence a week for blacking Papa's boots (twelve and a half cents we call it now) and I had ninepence every time I sewed up a long seam. Sewing-machines had not yet come into general use. Ready-made garments were unheard of, so that everything was made wholly by hand, and there were many long seams for a little girl to sew over and over, and many handkerchiefs to hem. Moorfield's money rolled up much faster than mine, and I looked upon him as a Nabob.

Another source of revenue with us was our occasionally

loosening first teeth. We were always consoled for the loss of a tooth by a whole quarter of a dollar, and that year I was very fortunate. I believe I earned two quarters in that way just before Christmas. It never occurred to me that the time would come when teeth would be more valuable than quarters. Just about Christmas time that year Mamma happened to complain of the accumulation of empty bottles in our parlor closet, and Moorfield and I evolved the brilliant and unheard-of idea of selling them to the grocer around the corner to increase our Christmas fund. And one afternoon after dark we slipped out, laden with our fragile treasures, having also pressed into the service our small friend, Annie Spooner, whom I remember to have been acutely conscious of the incorrectness of the proceeding and to have so far imbued me with her scruples that I stayed outside in the dark with her while Moorfield carried on the business transaction—going to and fro in anxious importance. I remember how slippery the icy sidewalk was and how I trembled for my precious freight. I believe we made some fifteen cents apiece by that escapade, and I know we divided the spoils with perfect fairness. I have no recollection of the process of spending my hard-earned savings that year. My one memory is of riding out to the Brown Cot in the omnibus on Christmas Day with my present for Aunt Mary, a pearl-handled penknife, tightly clutched in my hand all the way.

Our parlor that winter had three wide, sunny windows, and in one corner of it Susie and I had all our dolls and playthings and were perfectly happy. It was about that time that I realized with rapture that Susie herself was big enough to be a real playmate, a bliss I had never before experienced, for Mamma had never encouraged my playing with any of our little neighbors in Roxbury.

I believe Mamma did not much enjoy that boarding-house life all winter, except that it was such a pleasure to Papa to be near his old friends in Boston and renew a great many pleasant associations. We had, staying with us all that winter, a very pleasant English lady, a Mrs. Grey, who suddenly lost her husband and was alone, except for us, in a

strange land. We were very fond of her, and she used to say we were like English children—"not at all American," which from an English tongue is always the highest commendation. I think it was partly because we used the English Papa and Mamma with the accent on the last syllable. It was not the fashion then with little New Englanders, and our cousins, the Appletons, thought it a piece of affectation. But we were too young to be anything but natural, and, besides, my father had been brought up to use the same forms. Since then fashion has adopted them, and dropped them—and the young scions of fashion say "Father" and "Mother" like the little Puritans of New England. But to me it is an effort to speak of my parents as anything but Papa and Mamma, and I shall so denominate them to the end.

Bulfinch Street, where we passed that winter, was near enough to the Common for me to go there occasionally to play, and on Sundays Papa used to take us down Beacon Street and over the "Mill Dam." It may be hard for you to believe that there was nothing but water and mud below Arlington Street, and that was not yet built up. The Public Garden was a dreary mudhole as I recollect it then.

One other memory I have of that winter is of my father's coming home one evening, depressed and discouraged. Buchanan had been elected.

In May that year, we took leave of Boston and of our dear Mrs. Grey, who went back to her family in England. The only one of us who did not regret her departure was Susie, who had always regarded her as an interloper. She said, "I thought she had come to call on Mamma, and I waited for her to go, and she *never* went."

We went off happily to board in Roxbury, in the same house with our Wheelwright cousins, for the summer. It was a pleasant place on Cedar Street, and behind it was a wide stretch of woods and fields and what we used to call "the Old Fort," some earthworks thrown up in the Revolutionary War—all overgrown with grass and wild-cherry trees. It was such a happy summer, there were so many of us children running wild together. I remember our very first arrival—

the ground was blue with violets, and the boys were all in the hayfield, especially my cousin Page, aged eight, standing on a haycock and saying, "I'm a superior bein'." We had never seen much of these cousins before, and this was the beginning of a friendship that has lasted all our lives. I ought, however, to chronicle here that Moorfield and Cousin George had entered into preliminary negotiations at the age of three—when being left alone together for a while in my mother's room, they had, with the aid of two whisk-brooms and a pitcher of water, painted the walls there all the way round, as high as they could reach.

That part of Roxbury was pretty nearly the real country then. There were more wild-flowers than I have ever been able to find since those days, and there was a summer-house where I, who was supposed to be more advanced in learning than my cousins, used to read aloud "Robinson Crusoe" to Page and Charley. Unfortunately, the latter was never a regular attendant at those lectures and had always forgotten them when he did come, so that I was forced to begin at the beginning over and over again on his account. Consequently our progress was slow. That particular volume of "Robinson Crusoe," with its pictures, was pronounced not long ago by Cousin Ned Wheelwright to be "the best book in the world." George and Moorfield, the patriarchs of our class, being then twelve years of age, had a den somewhere upstairs, where they kept a printing-press and issued a weekly paper, some six inches square. We all wrote stories for it, to be published serially.

There were some nice little English girls, named Dunning, in the house, one of whom, Nettie, wrote the best of the stories, which ran through several numbers of our paper; but I regret to say that even then it was not quite half-finished, when the publication came to an untimely end. Our patriarchs used to give magic lantern shows in the same den, which met with universal approbation. They also kept rabbits, and the tragedy of the summer was when some dog came by night, killed the young ones and drove away the father and mother. Our sorrow was overwhelming, and I can see Cousin George

now as he sat on the stairs, half-dressed, in bitter grief. Life seemed to have come to a sad pass when our patriarch shed tears.

I do not believe any house was ever so given over to children and their good times. We used to have wild romps with Papa many an evening in the upper hall, and Uncle George used to look on and say "Little girls are angels and little boys are squibs." I remember how particularly witty we children thought his reply to Papa's request for Johnny (now Cousin Jack): "Yes, you may have him if you'll give me two demi-Johns in exchange." Cousin Jack was then six months old and Cousin Ned two years, and they went by the names of Eddy and Johnny, and one was never mentioned without the other. I remember another saying of Uncle George at about that time, when Aunt Hannah was sorrowing over his increasing stoutness and the inaccurate fit of his clothes, "Hannah, if you want my clothes to fit well, you must get James Sturgis to be measured for them and *wear* them."

That was the summer of 1857, and the time of the terrible Indian Mutiny, of which the echoes came to us across two oceans. One illustrated paper had a picture of Sepoys tied to the cannon's mouth which remains in my memory to this hour. Another pleasanter memory is of the early *Atlantic Monthly's*, and the first instalments of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which Moorfield and I read with all the interest of our own experience of boarding-house life. But such a boarding-house as that one in Cedar Street certainly never was. I believe it was not a financial success. I do not see quite how it could have been. We had such delicious things to eat—and dear Mrs. Atkins, our hostess, used to put Page and me one on each side of herself on ice-cream days and give us surreptitious dabs of cream whenever she saw our supply giving out; and such orange ice-cream as hers used to be was never seen nor tasted before or since.

Aunt Hannah was very pretty, very kind and indulgent. Somebody called her "the pretty woman with the chronic baby," her boys followed so fast on each other's heels into

the world. She had a passion for bargains, and in those days old-clothes men used to come about with vases and ornaments of Parian or Bohemian glass which they offered in exchange for cast-off garments. These were Aunt Hannah's delight, and Uncle George's wardrobe was often cruelly depleted after one of their visits. Sometimes nothing remained to offer but money, and on one occasion Aunt Hannah fell in love with a small bronze tripod with a cover and borrowed money to pay for it from Mamma, and forgot to return it. My own birthday happening along just then, she gave it to me for a birthday present "because it would be so useful to my mother" which was not at all according to my idea of what a birthday present should be, and awakened anything but grateful emotions in my breast. Then Papa became enamored of it and appropriated it to his own use, pronouncing it the perfect, the ideal match-box—and for that purpose he used it the rest of his life. Mamma and I were never quite certain where we came in on that deal—but I have the match-box still, a cherished memento of that happy summer.

It was the summer that our dear Grandmother Moorfield died, and also her sister, Aunt Betsy Eaton—whom I remember as an old lady in green spectacles, who used to come to spend the day, with her cap in a box to keep it fresh and unrumpled while she had on her bonnet. Children are never deeply impressed by the death of old people, and after a day or two it seemed as if it had always been so; and when the summer came to an end, Aunt Mary came back to live with us, and we all went into Boston to begin a new life in a new home.

It was full of excitement to us children, for after a year of only a few rooms of our own, to have a whole house was enough of itself. Ours was a small house, but it seemed quite a palace in contrast, and Susie and I had a play room of our own which was an enchanted spot for many a year. The fact that it was a very little room only added to its fascination. All that part of the city was then so fresh and clean and sunshiny. In those days Boston was such a pretty little city,

and so clean. The Common was so much more beautiful than it is now, when its trees were in their prime, and with the dark red walks that were so much more harmonious in coloring than the asphalt of the present day. It was surrounded at that time with private houses on all sides—no shops—nothing to detract from its beauty.

The South End was never at all fashionable, but very pretty, with many very attractive little parks beautifully kept, and many open spaces, still unbuilt upon, where boys used to skate and coast in winter and play ball in summer. Washington Street in particular was a beautiful street in those days, shaded with fine trees on each side and with pleasant homelike houses. There were, besides, some of the really old houses left over from the time when Boston Neck was a road leading out into the country, pleasant-looking wooden houses, standing endwise to the street, with gardens protected by high wooden fences, and gates through whose railings you could peep as you passed by. Our favorite walk was over Washington Street to Roxbury, to see our cousins, the Wheelwrights and Appletons.

When we went to live in Boston, it seemed as if the best part of the city was going to grow out toward Roxbury, and the South End was built up with that expectation. I believe it was a political job which led to the filling in of the Back Bay and the consequent desertion of the pleasant South End by all aspirants after fashion. In those early days it was in itself far pleasanter than any part of Boston except the streets in the immediate neighborhood of the Common, which have always been lovely; and to see them now invaded by shops and dressmakers' establishments is a sad sight to those who loved them in their prime. When we go down the hill behind the State House now on our way to the North Station, it is hard to believe that those dark and shabby streets on the slope of the hill were ever the abode of fashion, but so it was. My mother used to speak sorrowfully of old Summer Street when it was full of trees and gardens, and I have the same feeling myself when I see the changes in the old West End and the pretty South End of my childhood,

and in dear, beautiful old Roxbury—the pleasant places of my youth gone altogether or, worse still, odiously transformed. When I was little, my mother once took me to Pearl Street to show me the house in which she was born. It was one of the really stately old houses belonging to Boston's early days, with its fine old doorway and fanlight over the door and its handsome windows—but every window was swarming with Irish heads, of all ages and sizes. It was such a disappointment to Mamma to find it so. She wished she had never tried to come.

We had to choose, when we came into town to live, between two or three houses on Charles or Chestnut Street, which Mamma thought too dark or too damp to be good for children, and the one we finally adopted as our own, and which had the advantage of being halfway between Papa's old friends in the other part of Boston and our Roxbury cousins, and there we lived for twenty years. Our life in it began very happily. My father gave a free rein to all his hospitable impulses, and we soon had a very constant procession of pleasant people flowing in and out day by day. Papa was very soon drawn into the companionship of many of the most interesting and distinguished men then in Boston and Cambridge. Aunt Mary was always in her glory when she had to look after material preparations for conviviality, and Mamma enjoyed the easy informal way in which so many agreeable people fell into our home life.

We took possession of our house at the very end of November, and our first Thanksgiving dinner was perforce held in the kitchen, no other place, except the bedrooms, being habitable; and our one guest was Dr. George Coale, one of the dearest of my father's newly-made friends. I remember that it was a most jolly occasion, and the irregular beginning may be said to have struck the keynote of our form of hospitality, for from that time forward all our friends came into our daily life and made a part of it.

Miss Longfellow in describing her own home life uses words that are exactly applicable to ours. "I cannot remember that there were ever any formal or obligatory occasion

of entertainment. All who came were made welcome without any special preparation and without any thought of personal inconvenience." It cannot always have been altogether convenient for Mamma to constantly postpone her own plans and necessary occupations to care for so many guests as were always coming and going, but she threw herself always into their interests with the same warm sympathy and readiness to enjoy. She once told me that she thought she owed a great deal of the happiness of her life to a resolution she made when she was first married—never to interfere with her husband's free enjoyment of his friends. It must often have been somewhat hard to have young men constantly dropping in unexpectedly to dine, and staying late and filling her little parlor with cigar smoke; but as they grew older and wiser, their conversation became more and more interesting, and brought enough pleasure into her life to compensate for much more inconvenience than ever had been given her by their youthful vagaries.

But Papa would very often have been a trial to a different kind of wife, for not only was it his first impulse on meeting an agreeable stranger to have him home to dine forthwith, but he was like the man who went in search of guests out into the highways and byways—and sometimes he did bring home very queer birds. There was a little streak of perversity somewhere in his composition which now and then led him to espouse the cause of certain people, not because he liked them himself, but because they were disapproved of by some one he was not fond of. This occasionally caused dismay in the family circle.

One instance of it which happened long after the time of which I am writing, was most extreme and most amusing. It was when he was quite an old gentleman himself that he brought home, to spend Sunday, a South-Western Judge with whom he had no further acquaintance than that of having been in the same class in college, when this judge, then a boy of fifteen or so, was expelled for taking part in the blowing-up of the college chapel. The college authorities had promised to spare any boy who would confess and give

the names of the other perpetrators of the deed—and it was Papa's long-cherished indignation at this unworthy action on their part, and not any interest in this particular victim of it, that led him to extend the right hand of fellowship to this old gentleman whom he had not seen for over fifty years, and whose name he had all but forgotten. It turned out that the Judge had brought with him, in their fullest development, the manners and customs of the Southwest—those traditional manners and customs most alien to our ideas of ordinary good taste—and Papa hardly knew what to do with him after he had secured him. The ladies of the family were in utter despair; but, most fortunately, the Judge apparently found himself very much out of his element with us, and so departed sooner than was expected, to the great relief of all parties concerned. Papa always looked decidedly sheepish when this exploit of his was alluded to.

It was the very first Christmas we spent in this house (1857) that *the* baby-house appeared on the scene—the baby-house that has lived through so many generations and families of children, and has been scrubbed and scoured so many times from top to bottom—the proud delight of so many mothers who foresaw in these energetic purifications such a future of domestic notability for their offspring. It arrived in a wagon the day before Christmas, wholly exposed to the admiring gaze of Susie and myself, who happened to be looking out of the window—so that there was no surprise, though unqualified delight, at its presentation next morning. We had already three sets of furniture for it, for Uncle John Tappan had sent me the Christmas before a beautiful little set of red silk for the drawing-room, which had led Susie to inquire anxiously, “Mamma, if Mariana dies, can I have her furniture?” This unfeeling question, being reported, led Uncle John to send Susie another set, still more perfect, covered with green and white, and comprising a little corner whatnot which opened and contained actual shelves. Some one else had given us a chamber-set of white wood beautifully inlaid with two darker shades. So you see we began very luxuriously, and when we had a real stove in the

kitchen with pots and kettles and a frying-pan with two little fish perpetually frying therein, our bliss was complete. House-cleaning took place daily, and the little Wheelwright boys and Harry May scoured floors and scrubbed windows with as much zeal as we of the domestic sex; but with all respect for the foresight of our mothers, I must confess that none of us were distinguished for these particular accomplishments in later life.

After Susie and I grew too old for baby-houses, this one passed to the little Shackfords, Mattie and Lucy. After several years it was reclaimed, greatly dilapidated, and being wholly refurnished, was handed over to Bessie and Gertrude Storey, who took possession Christmas, 1876; and I can remember distinctly just how little Baby Richard looked when they set him down in front of it, with his air of benevolent perplexity, as one who was willing to admire, but did not quite understand the situation. From Bessie and Gertrude it went to the Ellis twins, then back again to Katherine Storey, from whom it descended to Charles, then to Dorothy Cutts, then Gertrude Lovett, and last of all to Katherine Storey, Jr., whose scrubbings and scourings surpassed all former exploits in that line, if I am to believe her grandmother's account. It was sixty-five years old Christmas Day, 1912. And since then Babara Donald has had her turn at it and transmitted it to little Susan Storey, who now enjoys it.

It was about this time that we began to spend our summers in Swampscott, which was a very different place then from the crowded place it is now. There were few cottages and only one hotel, which hardly deserved the name. It bore the modest title of Beach House, and Uncle George Wheelwright said of its accommodations, "Bed and board in that house are synonymous terms." It stood where the Ocean House stands now, opposite Whale Beach. There were a few very beautiful private places extending along toward Marblehead, and a great deal of open country. There was the same little village clustered about Fisherman's Beach, and farther on was King's Beach, where there was quite a little summer settlement; but where we were, there were very few

cottages besides ours and the William Greenoughs', who were my father's dear friends, and an innumerable Canadian family named McPherson.

Our small house held an unlimited number of people, for Papa invited almost every human being he knew to visit us, and Mamma filled up the interstices with all the invalids she could think of who needed rest and sea-air. It was about that time that I began to realize what a pretty mother I had. I wish I could describe her to you as I remember her then. She used to wear very often a silk gown of a shaded bronze brown, with a sort of a silvery sheen about it, like a light frost; and with it, a very beautiful point lace collar, fastened with a brown topaz set in pearls—and the tints were repeated in her brown eyes and clear skin and dark hair just beginning to be touched with silver. Altogether it was a very pretty harmony, and I like to remember her just as she looked then. She used to wear on the beach sometimes her India shawl, a very lovely red one with a deep border. And one evening, an artist who was staying there came up to her, and said, "I want to thank you, Mrs. Storey, for your beautiful bit of color." We children were very proud about that, for artists were rare those days—not like the crowd that fills East Gloucester now every summer, concerning whom the little boy asked, "Mother, is an artist the same as a boarder?" I do not remember our artist's name, but he was the first one I ever heard of outside of a book, and his speech to Mamma therefore became indelibly engraved on my memory.

I am trying to bring her before your eyes, but I wish I could make you feel her lovely happy presence as I feel it when I write down these trifles. In my mind's eye, just as distinctly I can see my father as he used to sit on the beach every evening, always surrounded by children as thick as bees around a honey-comb, and making boats for them all as fast as he could whittle them out of the wood of his innumerable cigar-boxes. He was a perfect expert at that occupation and never was tired of it—nor of the children who hardly ever let him alone. He was unusually fond of

children and they were always very fond of him; and as his boats, though beautiful, were never very seaworthy, he was kept busy all summer supplying the places of those that foundered at sea, or were cast away upon the rocks.

Now that I have tried to describe your great-grandparents, I must tell you something of your grandfather, my brother Moorfield, the most distinguished one of the family. At that time, he was a handsome boy of fourteen or fifteen—tall and active, with brown eyes and wavy chestnut hair and a fine color. He was always rather quiet in manner, but full of fun and a great favorite with other boys and with everybody. Not abnormally fond of study, but never very far from the head of his class. He had the same quiet energy then that he has shown all his life, always busy and always giving his mind thoroughly to whatever he was about, whether it was work or play. He was a great reader, like all the rest of us. Aunt Mary used to call us a set of bookworms. He was a very happy combination of both his parents—like his mother in temperament and disposition, and like his father in mental ability and in many points of character. Aunt Mary used to say he was exactly like his grandfather Moorfield, which was the highest praise she could bestow on any one; and Mamma and she used sometimes to say to each other, “He looks like Aunt Sally,” which was also very high commendation from their lips. It was in one of our Swampscott summers that he and Cousin George Wheelwright went to Newburyport for a visit and were invited for the first time in their lives to a party at which it was necessary to wear white gloves. They were so clumsy about getting them on, that Aunt Augusta and Cousin Sue had to stand the two boys up against the parlor wall and work their helpless young fingers into the stiff kid for them.

“Thus ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.”

The Wheelwright boys, Page and Charley especially, used very often to stay with us in summer. Charley was a character, a Boy with a big B, very bright about everything but

books, which he detested. He came down once with a remarkably pretty best suit of most delicate cloth, which his mother had charged him never to wear, except on Sundays, although Sunday at Swampscott was different from weekdays only in that the gentlemen did not go to town, but stayed at home and engaged in aquatic sports like all the rest of us. Accordingly, Charley happening to wake up at half-past four on Sunday morning, put on his best suit and strolled down to the beach, got into a boat and rowed out to one of the fishing-smacks where the men were at work. Being invited to come aboard, he cordially accepted and offered his valuable assistance in hauling in ropes and lines. He came home to breakfast with a conscience void of offense. It was Sunday, and he had worn his Sunday suit as his mother had strictly enjoined. When Mamma saw him streaked from head to foot with dirty salt water, she cried out, "Oh, Charley! What will your mother say?" to which he cheerfully replied, "I don't care what Mother says. She'd no business to get me such a suit. I heard Father tell her so."

Another time he was gabbling off his prayers at such a pace that his brother felt obliged to rebuke him and tell him that he couldn't "feel" his prayers if he said them so fast. "Nonsense," said Charles. "Feel 'em just as much as you do. Say 'em fast and feel 'em too."

Page was a very bright boy, as nearly omniscient as a boy of twelve could possibly be. His information on all public affairs was inexhaustible. His name was David Page, for Cousin Sue's father, who was a distinguished school-teacher, but the name was altered to "Pagie" in everyday life, which, I am told, sounded very queer to the legitimate owner of it.

I must not omit to tell you of Mamma and Aunt Mary's first bathing costumes, for they were most remarkable and much admired—although somewhat prematurely, as it turned out. Sea-bathing was rather a novelty then, and bathing dresses were not the picturesque garments of the present day, but hideous things of red flannel or gray trimmed with red, made with very full Turkish trousers, very full skirts, and very full blouses and sleeves, almost impossible to swim in

or to wring out after being worn. For some reason, Mamma and Aunt Mary eschewed flannel, and chose blue and white bed-ticking for their dresses, trimmed with scarlet braid and made "extra" full. They presented a most resplendent appearance on their début before the public and fairly swaggered down to the surf, the observed of all observers, although the knowing ones shook their heads wisely. The first immersion brought a change over the spirit of their dream, for the material soaked with water became as heavy as so much lead. They could hardly move or hold themselves up, and were forced to drag themselves back to their bath-houses—ignominious failures.

Thereafter those remarkable garments mysteriously disappeared and I never knew what became of them until years afterward, one night when I was very sick and could not sleep for pain and Aunt Mary was sitting up to take care of me. To beguile the tedious midnight hours, she undertook to tell me all the amusing things she could think of, and among others she disclosed that this "bright array" had been bestowed on the Misses Eaton to wear working in their garden on wet mornings; and the thought of those two tall, thin, grave ladies in so fantastic a panoply was so ludicrous that I began to laugh and couldn't stop myself, though it hurt me dreadfully, and I was so weak that I could only make a faint cackle like a feeble hen. On and on I went, shaking myself in agony and beginning over and over afresh every time I tried to stop, till Aunt Mary was terribly alarmed and thought she had given me my death-blow. But I survived and live to tell the tale.

It was about this time (1859-60) that we first saw photographs, or, perhaps I should say, attempts at photography. My father went to the Adirondacks with a party of gentlemen, one of whom, Christopher Pearce Cranch, had begun to dabble in the art, then in its infancy. Papa brought home a portfolio full of his efforts, mere blotches of light and shade, which we admired as curiosities; and not long after Papa had his own photograph taken for the Friday Club, a very pleasant little club of agreeable and interesting men,

to which he belonged for a long time. All the members exchanged their photographs among themselves, and they were wonderfully good likenesses, in spite of being inartistic and harsh compared with our present photography. The little collection that my father had bound is very interesting as showing a number of the distinguished men of Boston and Cambridge at that time.

Your Aunt Susie was a little sprite in those days, always very much in evidence and never quiet more than five minutes at a time. Her walk was a run and her run a species of precipitation. In fact, no sooner had she arrived for the first time at our Swampscott cottage than she precipitated herself and her doll from the top to the bottom of the front stairs. The doll was obliterated by the crash, and the grief of the owner was only assuaged by Mamma's promise to bring her a new one on her very first trip to town, which came off very soon. All that day Susie watched for the little station "bus" by which the new acquisition was to arrive, and almost before it stopped at our gate she was at its door with arms outstretched as Mamma descended from it—and then arose a piercing wail, "Why Mamma, you've brought me a little bo-oy!!" and sure enough, Mamma had committed the unpardonable *faux pas* of buying a "gentleman doll." I cannot account for the mental obliquity which led to the purchase, nor do I remember how soon the mistake was repaired, but I recollect that Susie did finally have a little girl doll very insufficiently clad, and whose scanty outfit was very constantly called to my attention by its owner.

My own doll was the admiration and envy of all. Her name was Carrie, and I loved her with devotion. She was of a pleasant brunette complexion and had what I considered a nice little sensible face, and I made all her clothes myself, which led Susie to think me quite capable of performing the same kind office for her own offspring; but I fear I left her largely to the tender mercies of Mamma and Aunt Mary. However, as soon as I attained the dignity of my "teens," I fitted out Miss Carrie with a brand-new trousseau of the most superlative description and gave her to Susie on Christ-

mas, with a little red trunk full of clothes; and Susie, who had been watching the process of preparation in gall and bitterness of spirit, received the precious charge with tears in her eyes, of mingled gratitude and remorse; for to tell the truth, all the while I was at work on this grand surprise, it had been impossible to elude Susie's supervision. She had been glued to my side with her own neglected child in her arms, a mute reproach, while I was obliged to sustain the character of a cruel and obdurate aunt, a heartless worldling "giving my sum of more to that which had too much."

And by the irony of fate, when Susie had recovered from her first raptures at receiving this sacred charge, she was not long in finding out that the zest of playing with dolls largely consisted in having a playmate; and that, without me, she was in the plight of little Chryssa in the "Rutherford Children," when there was no one to laugh when the pig fell off the elephant's back nor applaud when he stayed on. However, for a long time after that, I was installed as private French dressmaker to the whole doll family—paper as well as china—an arrangement which suited all parties.

Somewhere in Dr. Holmes's poems, he says

"And now the smells begin
Of fishy Swampscott, salt Nahant,
And leather-scented Lynn."

In our day, all these three places were very much the resort of Boston fashion, but fashion and consequence were very simple matters in that early time before the war; although I think, on the whole, they were more refined and three times as exclusive. But New England, though very prosperous, was not rich as riches are reckoned now. Almost all the young people of my father's generation had begun life, not with allowances from their fathers, but on the proceeds of their own infant industries. Their young romance took the form of enthusiasm for high ideals and simple living, and they plunged into matrimony without much calculation. Francis Parkman, the historian, according to his biographer, began his married life on little more than six hundred a year. Rev. John Phillips, the brother of Wendell

Phillips, used to boast of beginning his on four hundred a year and saving money; and my father once told me that James Russell Lowell and his first wife began on so little that in their young enthusiasm they concluded to live altogether on oatmeal and actually did keep it up a few weeks when, opportunely, some old relation died and left them enough to go on comfortably.

However, these small incomes represented much more comfort and pleasantness than two or three times the amount would now. It was not poverty, but simplicity of life. There were not so many ways of spending money, not so many amusements to be had nor such innumerable social complications. Ladies dressed very plainly. Gowns were made so simply that a good dressmaker, with a little help from the future wearer, could make one entirely in a single day; and though, at the time of which I am writing, things had begun to expand and there were plenty of rich people who lived in quite a stately and formal way, it was still simple enough compared with the present day. There were not only no automobiles then, nor aeroplanes, nor wireless telegraphy, but there were no telephones, no trolleys, no Pullman cars. Ice-creams (and very nice ones, too) were to be had for six cents. There were only two confectioners in Boston—at least, only two that I ever heard of—Vinton and Copeland, and we still were ignorant of other flavors than the primitive lemon, vanilla, strawberry and pineapple; and though gentlemen living on Beacon Street had by this time given up the custom of bringing home now and then a lobster in a basket for tea, yet they still dined at three or four o'clock in the afternoon and went to drive afterward. Postage stamps cost three cents, and we had to pay the postman a cent for every letter that was brought to our door, a most inconvenient arrangement, for the exact coin was seldom forthcoming at the crucial moment. Ladies, about that time, used to wear little postilion coat-tails, which were made to hang evenly by large red cents, sewed inside as weights, and more than once have I run upstairs in a hurry to cut out one of these cents, while the “penny-post,”

as we called him, waited placidly at the door for his meed. There was never any hurry then for him, there was always plenty of time.

Art was at a low ebb at that ante-bellum period, and of a most lugubrious tendency, unless my memory deceives me. Almost every respectable household boasted a copy of the Trial of Effie Deans. Uncle George Eaton rejoiced in the Deathbed of Daniel Webster. Uncle George Wheelwright enlivened his walls with the Wounded Hussar, and we ourselves by the Massacre of Wyoming, which Papa had been cajoled into buying by an agent who brought it into his office. But after this had sufficiently conduced to our edification by hanging over the flowered sofa in the Brown Cot, it was banished to our play room in Boston, where it remained as a warning to evil-doers until Mamma finally got rid of it by presenting it to her dressmaker. The art of statuary was represented then by young Italian boys with trays of plaster "*imagees*" on their heads, Little Samuel at Prayer, and Fisher Boys. All respectable families owned a Little Samuel, but we were sufficiently nonconformist to be content with a Fisher Boy. However, we were for a long time considered authorities on art because of our Toschi engravings, which were held in great respect; and which, from a collector's point of view, were really valuable, being not only fine specimens of line engravings, third impressions and presentation copies with the artist's autograph, but also because the original frescoes in the Church of St. John at Parma were almost wholly obliterated before the days of photography—so that these Toschi engravings are all that remain to tell that such frescoes ever existed. I remember so well how our dear Dr. Coale used to stand in rapt contemplation before them, ejaculating at intervals "Glor-ious, Glor-ious!" Before the war we were all simple and unsophisticated, and believed in everything we were taught, even William Tell.

As for music, the Symphony concerts were not. We had the Handel and Haydn Society and the dear old Italian operas, "Martha," "Trovatore" and many others, and we believed in them and loved them. When I say "we," I mean

the public. For my own part, I had a sneaking kindness for the hand-organs that ground out the "Anvil Chorus" under our windows as well as "Old Dog Tray" and "Vilikins and his Dinah." And for vocal music, "Upidee" as rendered by the Greenough boys had satisfied my highest ambition. But there were those whose artistic ideals were of a more ambitious nature. Our grandmother Storey had a stepbrother, Mr. Mathias Plant Sawyer, an old gentleman who lived in the tall brick house on the corner of Beacon and Park Streets, opposite the Common, and he had so many pictures that his walls were literally concealed with paintings, hung so close together that you could hardly insert a finger between the frames. Mamma was inclined to be a little sceptical as to their artistic merit, but the rest of us believed and trembled. It was from the balconies of this old house, then occupied by his adopted daughter, Mrs. Raymond, that we sometimes used to go to look on at processions and departing regiments, and this brings me to the more exciting days, when the summers at dear Swampscott were over, with all their pleasant associations—all the boating and bathing and the fishing and yachting parties and the college boys with their college songs, which we younger fry caroled till we were hoarse. All these things were over and many more; and when we took leave of them it was for the last time, for we never spent another summer in Swampscott.

That fall of 1860 was full of excitement. First of all the visit of His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, whose portrait we all wore as a locket or treasured in some other form. Susie and I hung ours in our baby-house parlor. I remember perfectly well the beautiful autumn day when he was escorted to the State House by our Cadets and our Lancers, and we all waved our little flags frantically as he passed under our perch on the balcony, and had the supreme satisfaction of attracting, or imagining that we attracted, his glance for one fleeting moment. He was a good-looking boy of eighteen at that time.

I must tell you one little story of his visit. There was a

very pretty young girl in Newburyport then, named Mary Pierce. She was really remarkably pretty, and altogether the beauty of Newburyport, but she was still only a school-girl at that time; and when she was asked by friends in Boston to go with them to the ball given for the prince in the Boston Theatre, she went, thinking only of looking on, but sufficiently excited even by that. It took the hair-dresser three hours to dress her beautiful long plaits of hair, wound round and round her pretty head, and she wore white muslin with a Roman sash and with Roman ties looping up her short sleeves on the shoulder; and so she went like little Caroline in "Northanger Abbey" "to see and not to be seen." But so it chanced that when the prince was promenaded about the hall, to satisfy the hungry curiosity of the assembled citizens, his eye fell upon this pretty Mary Pierce, and he insisted upon her being introduced to him, and then because all his own partners had been picked out for him beforehand and he could not dance with her himself, he insisted that she should come up on the stage where all the shining lights of the occasion were to disport themselves and dance in his set. So there she went and danced two quadrilles with one or another of the young attachés of his suite, and crossed hands and "chasséd" with His Royal Highness himself—to the imminent peril of turning her little head forever. I once saw the letter that she wrote home about it all—a real school-girl's letter—so full of excitement that words almost failed to express it. This pretty Mary Pierce never married, but she had a great many devoted admirers, and one of them (in his freshman year) was your grandfather, Moorfield Storey.

It was on one solemn occasion during the prince's visit, perhaps the very day we waved our little flags at him when he was being escorted to the State House, that a little street urchin jumped up on the step of his carriage, popped his head inside and saluted him with, "Glad to see you, Wales. How's your ma?" when he was dragged away by the scandalized police. It was now and then a little incident of this

kind that enlivened the tedium of the poor prince's experiences in America. He was horribly bored, and said quite bitterly to the Harvard boys, "I wish they would all leave me alone and let me have a good time here with you." It was not long after this that we all left off wearing his pictures as a locket and mounted instead Lincoln and Hamlin badges, for it was the great election of 1860, and even the children were wildly excited. Our cousins the Eatons wore Bell-Everett badges and fiercely proclaimed that "Abe Lincoln ought to be *hung*." We sat up late to see torchlight processions, and even into dancing-school politics found their way. One small boy was overheard telling his partner, "You ought to have heard Wendell Phillips last night. It was pithy, I tell you."

We all went to Papanti's that winter. Our dancing-master was the old original Mr. Lorenzo Papanti, who had already taught the grandmothers and mothers of our generation and who imported Papanti's Sublime Salad Oil which everybody used who had any place in society at all. It was the same Papanti's Hall that your mothers and aunts learned to dance in, but their teacher was his son, Augustus. When we were young, all the important society balls were given in Papanti's Hall, and we gained it by the same shabby old staircase and took off our things in the same bare dressing-room with its one large mirror and nothing else. But it was an enchanted place, and we all loved it.

That winter was full of excitement. One Southern State after another was seceding; "Dixie" was the popular air, strange to say, in the North as well as the South, and we sang it from morning till night. I well remember that spring, for I had a lot of pretty new dresses. Alas! it was many a day before I had any more. The prettiest of them all I wore on the last day of dancing-school, and my cousin Page Wheelwright collected all the boys of our little street to see me come down the steps in it and get into the carriage; and just about two weeks after that crowning triumph of my winter, the first gun was fired on Sumter. It was like an electric shock. Nothing else was thought of. In one night,

Washington Street was draped for its entire length with flags and red, white and blue bunting.

Our Massachusetts regiments were the first to leave for Washington, and nothing was heard but drums and fifes and military music. "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" took the place of "Dixie" in less time than it takes me to write it, and we sang them as long as our breath held out, from one week's end to the other. Lincoln and Hamlin badges were reinforced by red, white and blue cockades, adorned with which my cousin Page and I watched the departure of every regiment. Not content with one view, we dived into many alley-ways and by-paths to gain, by a short cut, another point of vantage, and I think we took leave at least three times of more than one regiment.

All the boys began at once to drill, and every morning on my way to school I had to go through the frightful ordeal of meeting my cousin George Wheelwright and three other boys marching four abreast into town with military caps on and in military step and giving me a military salute as they passed. I was just thirteen, and one short year had changed boys from easy-going playfellows into beings to be bowed to, and my hitherto unconscious feet and elbows into odious superfluities that I knew not how to dispose of. No one ever knew but myself how I dreaded that morning encounter and how I used to nerve myself up to it when that military front hove in sight. The Latin School Prize Declamations were full of the most exalted sentiments of patriotism. There was one boy in particular who was especially heroic. It fell to him to declaim in verse, and at the end of each stanza there was a chorus,

"Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars,
And the glory of death 'neath the Stripes and the Stars."

At this point, the band came in with the "Star-Spangled Banner" and we all sang the chorus, while the young hero struck a noble pose and cast his fine eyes upward with devotion to an imaginary Stars and Stripes over his head.

FAMILY RECOLLECTIONS

Whether he ever had anything to do with "combat and scars" I know not, and I have forgotten his name, but I never shall forget how we all thrilled with responsive emotion.

Another boy with a lighter and more humorous cast of mind delivered a poem on the battle of Morris Island, of which the last verse was,

"So Major Anderson struck his flag,
And packed up his things in a carpet-bag,
While shouts from Bobtail, Rag and Tag
Arose from Morris Island.

"Fiddle and fife and rattling drum,
Shattering shot and thundering bomb,
Look out for the fight that's yet to come,
Ye gunners on Morris Island."

Of course all the boys of sixteen and over were frantic to enlist, but it was not long before the authorities discovered that they had not the necessary stamina for the hardships of real campaigning and the exhaustion of a hot climate; and so Cousin George Wheelwright, who volunteered as soon as his school year was over, was dismissed with honor from the service, after having worn his uniform and been in camp at Readville about three weeks. That seemed a cruel wet-blanket to our enthusiasm at the time, but we have since had reason to rejoice and be exceeding glad that our dear Cousin George was not swallowed up by that dreadful war.

These were the light-hearted, confident days of the beginning of the war, but as it went on people began to realize how terrible it was. First came the dreadful humiliation of Bull Run, and then delay after delay and disappointment after disappointment, victories that led to nothing and dreadful disasters. When I look back to the days of Fredericksburg and Ball's Bluff it seems to me as if the sun did not shine then for a very long time. I believe it really was a very stormy autumn and winter, but I think it was the

depression of the older people that fixed upon my mind the impression of general gloom. Prices began to rise and people began to feel very poor. A spool of cotton cost thirteen cents, and a yard of cotton cloth or the commonest kind of calico fifty cents, a good gingham seventy-five, and other things in proportion. Some people, especially army contractors, made money by the war; but the majority suffered in one way or another, either by some interference with business or by the rise in prices, and so there was much discontent which was fomented by the Southern sympathizers, who were many.

My father's professional affairs suffered more or less in some indirect way and we began to be really straitened, which was brought home to me because I had to wear my Aunt Augusta's dresses. As we were just the same size, I had to wear them just as they were; and being made for a young lady of twenty-five, they were not just the thing for a school-girl of thirteen or fourteen. All at once all the silver money disappeared, and we found ourselves driven to use postage stamps for change; and the horrible dilapidated sticky objects that we had to put into our pocket-books were almost more than we could bear to touch. It was some time before the Government issued the postage currency that we used for some twenty years after the war, and which was only so far better than the stamps that it was not sticky.

All of us sewed for the soldiers, and packed lint and rolled bandages, and we knitted quantities of socks. But complaints came from the seat of war that some of them were too small and others so big that they filled up the poor fellows' boots to that degree that there was no room left for their feet. Susie's ambition was to knit a red, white and blue pair for General McClellan, but though McClellan was slow, Susie was slower still—for the only time in her life, and he never got them, being superseded even before they were begun. We wrote letters to each other on patriotic stationery adorned with flags and pictures of "our brave volunteers." One girl came to school with an apron composed of red, white and blue stripes with little flags for

pockets. We made at school a hundred "comfort bags" for the 54th Massachusetts and were let out *en masse* to see Colonel Shaw receive his flag at the State House.

At one of Aunt Hannah's little parties I had the honor and glory of one little dance with the lion of the occasion, Colonel Harris Hooper, one of those who had lately escaped through the famous tunnel from Libby Prison; and I daily walked home from school with the sister of another, Colonel Tom Edmands, and I remember her telling me that all he had to do all his digging with was a broken oyster shell, and that the ends of his fingers and his finger nails had been so torn and broken that it was very long before they recovered.

We had for many years as our dressmaker a shrewd, sensible down-east woman whose professional achievements fell far short of perfection, but whose conversation was always intelligent and interesting. Whenever she came, my mother and she always fell instantaneously upon the state of public affairs, and in the ardor of their interest the actual business of the day was apt to suffer. Scissors were suspended in the air, or used to emphasize their sentences, and needles and thimbles very much in abeyance. The next morning when we tried on the results of the day's labor, it was a chilling disappointment, and Mamma was always as much disgusted as we were—but that never prevented her from plunging into the same animated discussion the next time she came. This dressmaker, Miss Whitehouse, used always to dine with the family, according to the old New England custom when dressmakers were very apt to be neighbors; and my father was always as cordial and attentive to her as to all his guests, and conversation about the war generally made the meal a very long affair.

As far as I can remember, the war was the invariable topic of conversation among the grown-up people. A little circle always gathered in our parlor after church on Sunday to hear what my father had to say about the latest news, and his office was apt to be so often filled with gentlemen for the same reason. When the Union Club was started in

Boston, he was among those who were active in starting it. He was on the committee of invitation and also the Club's first secretary. We had no Sunday newspapers then, and when there was great suspense, Papa used to go down to the Parker House to get the latest reports, and I can remember walking down with him through the quiet Sunday streets to hear about the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. Another thing I remember is being sent down to Newburyport under the care of a young gentleman of twenty-two, and by way of making myself agreeable to so venerable and august a personage, I started the conversation by asking him "why he didn't go to the war." I was under the impression that I had chosen exactly the suitable topic.

For some years we had been in the habit of spending the Fourth of July with the Shackford family, either at our house in Swampscott or with them in Lynn, and the news of our victory at Gettysburg came just before the 4th of July, 1863. Papa and Mr. Shackford had been boys together at Exeter and at Harvard and were almost as much boys as ever when they had the chance, so that day they planned an elaborate jubilation to come off exactly at the stroke of 12 mid-day, when the bells began to ring and the cannon to be fired. Moorfield was to have charge of a number of cannon-crackers to be arranged on the fence at proper intervals and set off in succession. Charley Shackford was in charge of an equal number of "pistol" crackers. Alice, Susie and I had each a bunch of ordinary crackers which we were to light at the appointed signal. Mr. Shackford was to preside over several bunches to go off in a flour-barrel, and Papa chose to set some off in a large glass pickle-jar. The consequent pandemonium can be imagined. The flour-barrel was a perfect success—it made an entirely satisfactory racket; but Papa's pickle-jar exploded and set the glass flying in every direction, bringing down upon him the just and stern reproofs of all the ladies. I believe one of the party rang a dinner bell as violently as possible to add to the clamor, when a message came that there was a sick person in the next house, and "would we please to make a little less

noise." It certainly was neither a safe nor a sane Fourth. Mr. Shackford had laid in a half-barrel of fire-crackers for the occasion, and Alice and I both burned great holes in our dresses by sitting down on the slow-match that the boys had left lying about on different chairs. That evening we all sat on the roof of the Honorable John B. Alley's house and watched the bonfires and fireworks and illuminations in honor of the victory—as far as the eye could see in every direction.

The real sorrows and losses of the war did not come home to us as a family, for my father and his friends were all either too much over age for active service or too delicate for it, and all the boys were too young; but they fell heavily upon those who were a few years older. One of my friends lost two brothers, and she told me that when their regiment left camp to go to the front, she and her older sister went down to the station where the train was expected to stop, for one last good-bye. Instead of stopping, the train whizzed by, and her sister sat down in the dust just where she was standing and sobbed. That shows how real and near the war was to girls whose brothers were old enough to go.

But in a different way we lost one dear friend because of the war. Our dear Dr. Coale never came to our house after the first outbreak of hostilities. He was a Baltimore man and had all the enthusiasm for the Confederate cause that was so common in Baltimore. There was no diminution of affection on either side, but the pleasure of meeting was gone; and as he died before the war was over, the loss was a lasting one.

It was about that time in our lives that we came into possession of all the Waverley Novels. I remember the day when the whole set arrived and Susie and I sat down on the floor beside them before they were fully unpacked and buried ourselves in them. From that time forward, for several years we read very little else. Susie had her own method. She would begin with "Ivanhoe," then she would read it over again, then "Rob Roy," then "Ivanhoe" again, then "Rob Roy" again. Then she would take "Guy Man-

nering," then "Ivanhoe" again, then "Rob Roy" again. Then "The Abbot," then "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," "Guy Mannering" and "The Abbot" over again, and so on. My plan was different. In fact, at first I had no plan, but read them all a great many times until I was eighteen. Then I laid out my reading for the summer; and besides a few unimportant items such as Froissart's "Chronicles" and Sismondi's "Italian Republics," I undertook to go through Lockhart's "Life of Scott," stopping at every point in the narrative where a novel or a poem was brought out, to read that novel or poem, and then going on with the "Life." This I accomplished, and, moreover, did it a second time later on. So if Susie and I do not know all there is to be known about the Waverley Novels, it is not for lack of earnest application. I will add that I always read all the introductions, prefaces and notes.

My father and Moorfield were just as fond of Scott as Susie and I, although they had other important things on their minds to divide their attention. Papa used to say, "'Ivanhoe' is the cream of romances." Mamma's tastes were in a different line. She had been brought up on Jane Austen and Miss Edgeworth, and she was also very fond of Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Thackeray and Anthony Trollope, besides having a sneaking kindness for Miss Yonge, which Susie and I shared in a greater degree. She used to become perfectly buried and absorbed in whatever she was reading, and if she were spoken to would look up with unseeing eyes and unhearing ears, and sometimes it would take a minute or two to bring her back again to real existence. Aunt Mary loved people—she despised books, all except now and then a biography of some one she had seen or known. When I read one aloud to her, she would keep up a running comment: "Now, how well I remember him! He married a Miss Such-a-one. He was engaged first to Jane So-and-so. I can see him now," and so forth and so on.

Mamma had too busy a life and too many other interests to gratify very often her taste for novel-reading, but she

threw herself with the same absorption into everything else, hard or otherwise. Indeed, it did not seem as if any duty were too hard or too uninteresting or even too disagreeable for her. She undertook them all with the same blithe energy, and seemed to make an interest for herself in doing them as well as they could possibly be done. Sometimes it seemed as if the harder they were the better she liked them, but it was not really so, for she had a great love for pleasant things. But she and Moorfield were alike in doing all difficult things so simply and quietly that to the looker-on they seemed easy; and they were alike, too, in their powers of enjoyment. Their letters home whenever they were on a journey were amusingly alike in tone. They always found agreeable people, comfortable hotels, delicious food and perfect weather—or if ever it did rain, it was always at the most convenient time, when they were glad to rest.

And Mamma was the most perfect of nurses. No one else had such a light step or such a firm and gentle touch or ever kept a sick-room so fresh and cheerful. It seemed as if what nurses are now carefully trained to do, she did by instinct. She had what Hawthorne calls that “natural magic that enables its favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home.” “To move in the midst of practical affairs and to gild them all, the very homeliest, with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy.” Aunt Mary, too, was the most devoted of nurses.

I wish I could give you some idea of what Aunt Mary was. She was so warm-hearted, so generous and unselfish, so alive and impulsive and lovable and so unreasonable. Susie used to call her “Woman” and say she was like Scott’s lines.

“O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

And that she certainly was.

Once when I was very sick and kept awake by intense

pain, Aunt Mary sat up all one night gently brushing my hair, to soothe me, and no one who has never tried it can possibly know what that means—not only the natural fatigue of going without sleep, but the terrible drowsiness induced by the regular motion, which she had to struggle against. When she was old and very sick herself, it used to distress her greatly whenever I had to be up with her at night, and then I used to remind her how she brushed my hair all night and tell her it was my turn now, and it always made her smile and brighten up.

There was another thing I used to remind her of which always pleased her. It was the spring of '65 when the war was over and we were all beginning to turn our thoughts again to the somewhat interrupted vanities of life, and every girl of any consequence at all had a hat with a pheasant's breast, either purple or golden; and I, as was only natural, wanted one too. But the very smallest and least expensive cost four dollars and a half, a large sum in our estimation in those hard times, and Mamma shook her head. But she and Aunt Mary went with me to the milliner's, and a plain little brown straw hat trimmed only with brown velvet was ordered for me, and we left the shop with very chastened anticipations on my part. But Aunt Mary stepped back for a moment as if she had dropped something, and when the hat came home and I opened the bandbox, there was a beautiful pheasant's breast. "Oh dear!" I cried, "they've made a mistake." Then I saw Aunt Mary laughing and looking very wise and I knew what had happened and threw my arms round her in ecstasy. I do not know whether she or I was made most happy by that pheasant's breast. It was the joy of my heart for a long time and I still have a little bit of it put carefully away which I cannot make up my mind to part with. Aunt Mary was always doing things like that, but she had so little money that whenever she did them she had to go without something that she herself needed and ought to have had. Aunt Lydia was another aunt whose money burned in her pocket till she could get something pretty for her nieces.

Aunt Mary was the most outspoken of mortals. Some one once said of her that if the world were a Palace of Truth where every one was forced to speak their real thought, she would not need to be changed in the least particular. Her speech was thinking aloud. She spoke as she breathed, unconsciously, and sometimes said very funny things. Susie and I came home one day to find her in a very depressed and aggravated frame of mind. Aunt Hannah had been telling her all about Susie Wheelwright's lovely trousseau and beautiful wedding presents, and as we ourselves had been having a very hard and discouraging winter the contrast was too great for Aunt Mary's philosophy—and Susie and I, to divert her mind from her own troubles, told her of some misfortunes that had happened to one of our neighbors. "Well," said Aunt Mary, "I'm glad to hear something pleasant. I'm sick to death of all this prosperity."

Another time Susie was endeavoring to persuade a young friend of hers who had always lived in the United States, although born in Canada, that he ought to be naturalized and vote. The argument had gone on some time when Aunt Mary looked up quietly from her work and remarked, "If you are not naturalized, your widow will not be entitled to wood from the city." This caused a general laugh. Whether or not influenced by this consideration, the young man did become naturalized and did vote, but for the candidate who stood for everything we had been brought up to detest, whereat Papa observed, "the next time, my dear, you find a young nincompoop who isn't doing any particular mischief, suppose you let him alone."

I must tell you something of our dear old Ellen who lived with us so many years, beginning when we were children and ending with her marriage twenty years later. She came to us in those primitive days when young, newly-arrived Irish girls used to ring the door-bell and ask if the lady wanted a girl. Mamma was taken by her pretty, modest face and engaged her, and she was the most faithful, devoted, unselfish creature that ever lived. I don't remember that she ever had an afternoon or an evening out, except for

necessary errands. She used to go to church in a black alpaca dress and a shawl, with a bonnet tied under her chin. That was her only relaxation. I used to think sometimes she needed amusement, and I would go down into the kitchen with a volume of French fairy tales to read aloud to her while she was ironing. I suppose she really didn't know exactly what I was reading about, but she liked the attention. We used to try cooking ourselves, occasionally, and then Ellen would stand by, laughing, and saying, "*Now we're going to have the cracked-up dessert.*" She was a very good cook herself, and her chops and steaks were famous. Uncle George Wheelwright would say, "Charles, I'm coming to dinner—and I want chops. Nobody cooks chops like your Ellen." Some lady once asked if she knew of any girl who would go away with her for the summer. Ellen told her girls were not willing to go away in the summer. "But *you* go, Ellen." "Yes," said Ellen, "I go with my family." When she left us to be married, she said to Susie and me, "Children, take care of your mother." After her marriage, she lived near enough for us to go and see her now and then; and I think she was never more pleased than when I went there one very cold day and she cheered me up with hot chocolate, and cake on one of her best china plates belonging to the set Moorfield gave her for her wedding present. She kept all his speeches and all newspaper references to him in one of Papa's old cigar boxes as long as she lived.

It was during Ellen's régime that we used to have very jolly Saturday afternoon dinners at half-past three. Uncle George Wheelwright liked to come at that hour, so as to have a long afternoon and evening. Mr. Nathan Hale (Uncle Nat) always came, and sometimes Uncle John Holmes. Sometimes Moorfield would bring a college friend, and sometimes our girl friends would be there, and various other friends might turn up occasionally. It was an established custom for a good while and a very pleasant one. Everything is so changed since those old simple days, and the mid-Victorian life is so despised by this young generation that I feel like defending my contemporaries. Mid-Victorian girls

were never the prim, colorless beings that we meet with in current magazine stories. They rode horseback and took long walks and climbs, skated and danced, rowed and swam, and some of them played baseball, and all of them played croquet—which kept them outdoors even if it was not exactly an athletic sport. And besides, we did not have all these things made easy for us by pretty sport costumes. All our activities were hampered by hoop skirts and long dresses. I climbed up the almost perpendicular face of Great Head at Mount Desert—eighty feet, I believe, in a long, full woolen skirt, looped up in festoons over a full Balmoral petticoat, thick and *warm*. I had discretion enough to leave off my crinoline, but at this distance of time, even without that impediment, I cannot imagine how I did it.

When Moorfield, Aunt Augusta and I went to Mount Desert in 1868, there were only three homes to be called houses in Bar Harbor—Captain Homer's, Captain Rodick's, and a sort of barrack that they called a hotel. Aunt Augusta and I had a room together with a floor painted yellow, and so uneven that when we woke up the first morning we found our boots floating about in pools of water—it having rained hard in the night.

We had a corn-shuck mattress which, when we first lay down, felt a good deal like a collection of dumb-bells, but after the first moment we never knew anything more about it until we woke up next morning. We lived upon fresh herring, milk, blueberries, bread and butter, chowder, and blueberry pie,—I suppose we had other things, but those were all I remember,—and I thought them the most delicious things I ever tasted. Everything was as clean as a new pin, and all the other guests in the house were the cream of Boston society. That will give you an idea of the change that has come about in the course of forty or fifty years.

The mid-Victorian girls had one piece of good fortune which never befell, and I think never will befall, any other girls. Their dancing days came when the beautiful old Strauss waltzes were at the height of their popularity, and

they danced to that lovely, haunting music, such dance music as never was and never will be again. There was something poetic about it, and it lends a touch of poetry to all our memories of those days. The waltz of the '70s was very graceful, a sort of swaying, floating motion that suited the music. I like to remember coming home after our little dances at one or two in the morning, to find Papa sitting up for us with a bright fire, and hot *bouillon* to quiet our excitement and send us to bed in a frame of mind conducive of sleep.

I was not present at the big Boston fire of '72. Cousin Lulie Storey and I left for New York the very day before, and Lulie looked upon it as an experience of which she had been unjustly deprived. She constantly remarked "I never was so disappointed in my life." Aunt Susie was not there either. She was visiting in Roxbury, and when she was roused from her first sleep to look at it, she did give one look but went back to bed again, totally unconcerned. She would have taken more interest if she had realized that at one time it seemed quite probable that her happy home would go with the rest. Papa, Mamma and Aunt Mary were at home with little baby Bessie, who had been sent in to be taken care of while little baby Gertrude was making her first start in life. The three elders went to see how serious the fire was, and when they saw the great stone buildings blazing, as Mamma expressed it, "like card boxes," and felt the strong, hot wind blowing in their faces and saw the flying showers of sparks and blazing fragments, they hurried home as fast as they could and made every preparation for leaving the house if it should become necessary. They could save only what they could carry in their hands, for there was not a horse to be had. It was the time of the epizoötic, which was really the reason that the fire was so serious. They had Bessie's baby carriage, into which they put its little owner with her belongings and covered her up with two pretty new party dresses belonging to Susie and me which had never been worn, and which Mamma said "I could not leave behind to be burned"; and they also had a very little trunk to

hold the silver and other portable valuables, and grandfather Moorfield's portrait, and that was about all except what they could wear themselves. Then they sat down to wait till they knew when they must go. In the meanwhile, Papa said they might as well have some breakfast, since they might never have another in that house. However, young Mr. Chaplin arrived with papers from Papa's office-safe, and also with the good news that the wind had shifted and there was no longer any danger of the fire's spreading to our neighborhood. So they all sat down to breakfast happily together at 4.30 A.M. and ate up the cold turkey which had been destined for their Sunday dinner. It was more of a relief than it sounds, for the Chicago fire of the year before was fresh in everyone's memory.

Now that I have proceeded far enough in this chronicle to bring Bessie and Gertrude upon the scene, I must wind it up by setting down some of their sayings and those of the other children—children always to me—although now they have children of their own.

Bessie was once given two cents to take home, one for herself, and one for "Tutu." On the way she found she had lost one and was greatly depressed for a time, but suddenly recovered her spirits. "Aunt Susie," she said, "it was Tutu's cent I lost."

She used to come in to stay with us, and was sometimes allowed to play on the sidewalk in front of the house. She came in two or three times quite downcast because a little boy would not tell her his name, but finally she ran in in triumph, shouting "Grandma, he's told me his name; he's told me his name; his name is Pudding Tame." She seems to have held Hamlet's opinion that "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," for one cold October afternoon when Susie was taking her home, she wanted to go in an open car and Susie told her it was too cold. She said, "No, Aunt Susie, the open cars are warm, *warm*. The closed cars are cold, *cold*."

Tutu had a turn for thorough investigation of all subjects and subjected us to very close catechisms; as, for instance,

when we passed a young neighbor one day she asked, "Aunt Mariana, who is that boy?" I told her his name was Willie Searle.

"Willie?" said she.

"Yes," said I.

"Searle?" said she.

"Yes," said I.

"Willie Searle?"

"Yes," said I.

"Why do they call him Willie Searle?"

Another time, I was telling her about the little Silsbees; and she began, "What did Charlotte and Margaret have on Christmas?" I said I thought they had fifteen dolls. "Fifteen dolls! That is a great many. Did they each have fifteen dolls?"

"No, they had fifteen dolls together."

"How many did Charlotte have?"

"I don't know—Seven or eight."

"Did she have seven—or eight?"

"I think she had eight."

"Then Margaret must have had seven. How many did Joe have?"

"Joe didn't have any new dolls. He had an old one."

At this point, Mamma made some remark which was brushed aside.

"Please, Grandma, don't talk, I want to ask Aunt Mariana one more question. Aunt Mariana, the old doll that Joe had, did it belong to Charlotte or Margaret?"

When she began to go to church, she came home one Sunday pondering on the nature of the Trinity. As a result, she said, "I should think God must be awful fat." "What on earth makes you say that?" said her mother. "Why," she replied, "three persons in one."

She went to Washington when she was still very little, and there she saw colored people for the first time and they made a great impression on her. After she came home, she saw our neighbor's colored cook taking the air on the area steps, and she ran in to me with her eyes

large with horror, "Aunt Mariana, we saw a *colored person*." We all went to live in Brookline soon after that, and then the children were so near, we saw them nearly every day.

Richard, as a child, was not given to loquacity, but what he did say always had a touch of conclusiveness. When I was teaching him to read, he repeatedly mispronounced a certain word, and I repeatedly corrected him. He got tired of it after a time and said, "Aunt Mariana, that's French and I ain't learning French." That settled the matter as far as he was concerned. One day he was singing the air from *Patience*:

"A Howell and James young man
A Sewell and Cross young man,"

and a little girl asked him, "Richard, what does Sewell mean?" He condescendingly explained to her, "It means very wicked—very wicked and cross." He undertook once to save up a cent a day for a year in order to buy "a bird in a cage," and I was to take care of his cents for him—and supply the deficiency if other sources failed. After two weeks, he came down with an air of settled purpose. "Aunt Mariana, I'm going to take those cents for something else, and I'll begin to save tomorrow." The bird in the cage was never attained.

I went one day with him to the dentist's. He was to have a tooth out, then to be cheered up with an ice-cream and a visit to the five-cent store. But when Dr. R. essayed to draw the tooth, Richard uttered an ear-piercing yell, seized his wrist with both hands and was lifted bodily out of the chair, the tooth remaining intact. This happened three times, when the doctor said, quite crossly: "It's no use. Let him go home and have the toothache," which met Richard's views entirely. The moment we got out of doors, he demanded his ice-cream. I tried to make it clear that not having had his tooth out, he was not entitled to the reward. Richard didn't see it in that light. Mamma had said he was to have an ice-cream. That settled it. I gave in weakly and he had his ice-cream, and his visit to the five-cent store, where he bought a toy-pistol which was

taken away from him by his outraged mother as soon as he got home. I was never asked to chaperon him to the dentist's again. I must remark in passing that there never was such a dear little boy as Richard except Charles, and "*exceptis excipiendis*."

Katherine was a young lady who knew her own mind. She knew exactly what she didn't want and what she did. One morning her mother brought her to spend the morning with us while she herself went into town. Katherine would not hear of the arrangement. She meant to go into town, and said so. After her mother had exhausted her eloquence, I tried mine. "Don't you want to stay and play with Aunt Mariana?" She turned upon me with a stamp, "No, I *don't*."

Richard and I were making her a scrapbook for a Christmas present, and one afternoon we were warned that Katherine had got wind of the matter and was tearing down after Richard to see what was going on. We had barricaded ourselves behind locked doors by the time she arrived. She fell upon the door with fists and kicks, and battered and banged till we had to give up and put away our work and let her in, when she instantly made for the drawer where we had put it. Richard heroically defended it, and she battered and banged him. I said, "Why Katherine, you don't want to see your Christmas present before Christmas." "Yes, I *do*."

There was no indecision about Katherine. She wanted me one day to show her how to make kindergarten paper mats, but her interest soon flagged and she buried herself in a book while I vainly tried to recall her attention. Finally I showed her one which I had just completed, and she said, "Aunt Mariana, please don't interrupt me every time you finish one, but go on and make them just as *fast* as you can."

She was not quite so much at home with us as the other children, but one day she came down allured by tales of a wonderful little trunk that held priceless treasures; and when she had explored it thoroughly, she gave a deep sigh and said, "Oh, I have had a most beautiful time—I will never make a fuss about coming down here again." She left

off being belligerent about the time she was five years old and became a model of deportment. She had the most beautiful manners. I had a little pair of Japanese vases, not at all valuable, but very small. Katherine led me into a secluded corner and began, "Aunt Mariana, I know it's very impolite—I know, Aunt Mariana, it is dreadfully impolite—I know it is, Aunt Mariana, I know it is *fearfully* impolite—but won't you give me one of those vases?"

On a certain Christmas Day, she became confused with her innumerable presents, and I was very hazy myself. She asked me what her grandmother gave her. I said, "She gave you that work box." "I beg your pardon, Aunt Mariana, I *beg* your pardon—but you gave me that work box yourself."

Richard and Katherine came one afternoon to stay to tea, and she precipitated herself upon me crying, "I can have two saucers of ice-cream and one of strawberries." I had not provided strawberries, thinking that they would not be permitted, so I deputed Richard to go to the village to get some. He came back in triumph with his trophies. "There were some for twenty-two cents, and some for twenty-five. I got the twenty-five, because I thought they were worth it." Richard used to bring his boys to our house to refresh the inner man with gingerbread, etc. One morning he rushed in, shouting, "Aunt Mariana, Aunt Susie, Aunt Mary, *any* Aunt!" I said, "What is it, Richard?" "I've got four boys here. Would you like to give us a lemon to make lemonade or money to buy soda with?" I gave them the lemon and Aunt Mary made the lemonade, "and glad we could escape so."

A certain little neighbor used to inveigle Katherine into going to our kitchen door to beg for cookies. Our maid remarked, "Katherine didn't like to do it, she's too well-behaved, but that other child could buy and sell Katherine."

When she was ten years old she came home after a summer at Eastern Point. I asked her if she had had a good time. She said "I have had the most beautiful time I ever had in all my life." "Why, Katharine, what have you been doing?" "Driving Morris's express wagon." Dear child! She certainly put her whole self into anything she undertook.

Charles's sayings and doings would fill a volume. I used to have them all at my tongue's end, but now I can recall only a few. We were once surprised by a caller who found Papa capering about the parlor, while two-year-old Charles banged on a metal tray and shouted, "Dance, Grandpa, dance!" His grandfather was wax in his hands, and I once found him on the floor while Charles was shouting with delight. He had persuaded his grandfather to sit on the end of a long, narrow sofa-pillow while it stood upright. The result might have been expected. He was a very delicate little boy, and sometimes quite nervous and cross. One day, little Emma Atherton went up to play on Edge Hill Road and the other children told her, "Don't go near that little boy. He'll push you down." Emma did go near him and he did push her down, and she went home crying to her mother. "Who was it, dear?" "I don't know his name. They called him little Charles."

He used to have ill turns, which went by the name of "Charles's attacks." He overheard a caller speaking of a delicate child, and he inquired with sympathetic interest, "Does he have attacks?"

One day he said, "Mamma, don't tell anybody I am sick. I don't want it noised abroad that I am not in perfect health."

When the family were planning to go abroad, Charles said, "Mamma, I have been thinking about my future, and I think it would be better for me to travel in my own country before going to Europe."

He was very fond of Aunt Lydia, and one day said to her, "I wish the flies would eat you out of house and home." "Why, Charles," she said, "how can you say so?" "Because then you would have to come and live with us."

All these sayings and doings took place when the children were somewhere between two or three years old and ten. It was a very happy time when these small people were always running in and out with their funny little ways, and I miss my little boys and girls to this day. Charles's devoted nurse, Mary Hardiman, used to teach him a great many

hymns, which he sometimes quoted inappropriately. I remember him waving his mug and shouting, "Freely let me drink of thee." He used to be very fond of cutting out pictures for his scrap-book, and was seen one day wringing his hands in anguish over some disaster. He said, "I have left some of the white and cut off some of the black." Whatever he did, he did very carefully and accurately, and he was very accurate in his statements, too. He and I together made a scrap-book for a Christmas present to his father. When it was done, I said, "Now write in it, 'Papa, from Charles.'" "No," said he, "I shall write, 'Papa, from Charles and Aunt Mariana.'" "

Katherine and Mary Derby Peabody used to walk into Boston every Sunday afternoon to see Mary's grandmother, Mrs. Putnam, and I used to think there never could be two rosier, happier, more splendid-looking little girls. They were great friends. When Katherine had become very good indeed, she was seen one day digging in her garden very hard, and somebody said, "What are you doing?" "I am making a garden for Mary Derby. I love Mary Derby, although she is younger than I."

The children used to be very fond of a never-ending story of two little girls named Bessie and Susie, who met the most surprising adventures and had the most hairbreadth escapes and got into the most ludicrous predicaments. For years they were never tired of it, and believed implicitly that it would take any prize in any literary contest. It was considered so funny that Tutu used to beg me to stop so that she could lie down on the sofa to recover herself after laughing. One sad day they brought Patty Storrow to hear one of Aunt Mariana's funny stories. They put her on the sofa between them, and commanded me to begin. I did my best. I tried to be as ridiculous as I possibly could. Bessie and Tutu watched Patty with unwinking vigilance to see whether she laughed at the proper time, but it was all in vain,—I could not elicit the ghost of a smile. She sat and looked at me as gravely as if she were in church. Once in a while, Bessie and Gertrude would begin to laugh, and then check

F A M I L Y R E C O L L E C T I O N S

themselves as if they had been caught in some impropriety. It was an utter failure. My star had set.

“Since then I’ve never dared to be
As funny as I can.”

The memory of that day makes me feel that it is time to draw this long chronicle to a close and take my leave of all my little folks lest I have it taken for me.

